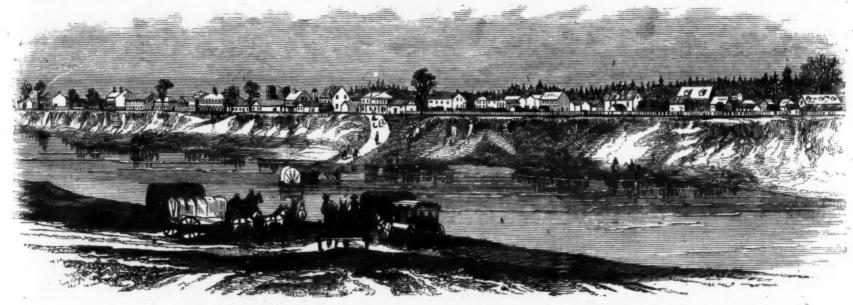
FRANK LESLIES TOTOTOS TOTOTOS

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No. 449-Vol. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1864.

TERMS: \$3 50 YEARLY, 14 WHEES \$1 00.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA-VIEW OF NATCHITOCHES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. DONWILL.—SEE PAGE 102.



Barnum's American Museum.

L'OUR ENORMOUS GIANTS—Three men and one woman, each over eight feet high; two Dwarfs, each less than two feet high—hea'des a lost of other Novelties, DRAMATIC PERFORM ANCES daily at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M. Aumission to all only 26 cents.

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C. OSCANYAN, New York.

C. OSCANYAN, New York.

War Items. We have encouraging reports from the army of the Pain Killer. One writes:

"My little bottle of Pain Killer was worth more to me than its weight in gold. The fatigue of our first week's march and exposure, which put so many of our noble fellows on the sick list, thanks to that little bottle, only left me stronger and hardier than when l left home. It cured a comrade of the camp diarrhos in a few hours.

FRANK LESLIE'S

LLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, MAY 7, 1864.

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THE Publisher of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUS TRATED PAPER invites his present contributors and others to send in before May 1st stories and poems suited to its columns, as well as ideas for comic excitches en subjects of the day.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA.

Twn guerillas, the vermin that swarm in advance ovements of the rebel armies, are now very active in Virginia. A body appeared on the 17th at Sulphur Springs.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The feeling of opposition to the Davis tyranny is spreading through the State. Rebel conscription officers in the western part of the State have been hung by the people Holden's election as Goverseems almost certain.

To sustain its falling power, the rebel Government has made a tremendous effort to check the Union forces, if not to drive them from the State.

On the 17th, with a force numbering from 5,000 to 10,000, they made a sudden attack on Plymouth. The 12th New York cavalry met and drove back the rebel horse. Gen. Wessels is prepared to de-

fend Plymouth to the last.

Fort Gray, two miles from Plymouth, on the Roanoke, was first attacked, but it was resolutely defended by Capt. Brown, 85th N. Y., and the Miami, Capt. Plusser, with the Eutaw, Whitehead, Lockwood and Bombshell steamed up and poured shot and shell into the rebel ranks. The enemy, after being three times repulsed with terrible loss

After the attack on Port Gray was repulsed the gunboat Bombshell ran up Roanoke river, to look out for the rebel ram, but was sunk by a rebel battery. On the 18th, about 3 P. M., the ram came down, passed the Union batteries, ran into and sank the gunboat Southfield. The gunboat Miami fired at her, but the shell rebounded, killing Captain Flusser. The ram bolds the river. Plymouth is cut off from relief, and, as the rebels state, was carried by storm on the 20th. Brigadier-Geheral A. F. Hoke, the rebel commander, is said to have taken 1,600 prisoners and 25 pieces of artillery, besides

KENTUCKY.

Gen. Shackleford and several citizens were captured by Bennet's guerillas at Madisonville, but

m Eastern Kentucky we learn that the rebels have been defeated in two fights on the Licking The rebels attacked the Union forces a Paintville on the 12th and were repulsed, after which the Unionists pursued the enemy, and on the 14th surprised their camp at Half mountain. The result of the movement was the killing and wounding of 85 rebels and the capture of 70 others. besides 200 horses, 400 saddles, 300 stand of arms, camp equipage, etc. Col. Clay is among the pris-

A party of rebels attempted to enter Kentucky at Pound gap on Tuesday, but were driven back by the 46th Kentucky mounted infantry.

LOUISIANA.

After the affair at Crump's hill, Gen. Banks advanced on the enemy's position at Pleasant hill. On the 8th he came up with them at Sabine cressroads, where the enemy, under Kirby Smith, Magrader, Helmes and Taylor were defeated with a

Being short of rations Banks recalled the fleet, which was cearing Sbreveport. On its way down it was attacked, and in this battle the rebels lost Gen. Green, and 600 men. Green's head was carried off by a shell.

Meanwhile Banks advanced to Pleasant hill, where, af er a primary check, his troops under Gen. A. J. Smith finally routed the enemy, who lost very heavily, Gens. Mouton and Parsons being among the killed.

A fight took place at Gov. Johnson's plantation recently, in which the rebels were repulsed, losing 20 prisoners, four officers and \$10,000 worth of smuggled gdods.

ARKANSAS.

Capt. Phelps, of the gunboat No. 26, on the 4th of April, captured a rebel mail carrier near Crock-ett's Bluff, Arkansas, with 500 letters and 60,000 percussion caps for Gen. Price.

The blockade-runner Alliance was recently captured on the Savannah river.

CONGRESS.

THE Senate, on the 18th, was engaged nearly all day on the Miscellaneous Appropriation bill. The appropriations for the Agricultural Department, which had been reduced \$50,000 by the Finance Committee, were restored to the House figures. There was quite a lively debate between Mr. Fessenden, the chairman of the Finance Committee, and Mr. Sherman, chairof the Finance Committee, and Mr. Sherman, chairman of the Committee on Agriculture, in reference to these appropriations. Mr. Fessenden lectured Mr. Sherman and the Senate generally for thwarting the efforts of the Finance Committee to reduce the appropriations. The salary of the United States Treasurer, Mr. Spinner, was increased to \$6,000, and other salaries in his bureau to the extent heretofore recommended.

In the House, the National Bank bill was pa In the House, the National Bunk bill was passed, by a vote of 78 sgainst 63. The Internal Tax bill was was made the special order for to day. Resolutions in favor of increasing the duties on articles of luxury imported from alroad and of domestic manufacture, and also in favor of repressing the circulation of state Banks by taxation, were agreed to, the latter by a vote of 62 against 46. Mr. Stevens made three attempts to obtain a suspension of the rules in section that a loint resolution increasing immediately. three attempts to obtain a suspension of the rules in order that a joint resolution increasing immediately the duty on imports 50 per centum for 60 days might be considered; but the opposition stabborny opposed the motion, and the requisite two-thirds vote consequently could not be obtained. This proposition was designed to head off importers, who are draining the country of gold by large purchases abroad in anticipation of a revision of the tariff and an increase of duties. an increase of duties.

an increase of outries. In the Senate, on the 19th, several unimportant measures were discussed. The bill repealing all laws relating to the rendition of fugitive slaves to their owners was then taken up and passed to a third reading. When, however, the vote on the final passage of the bill was about to be taken, Mr. Sherman moved to except the law of 1793, and after considerable debate the motion was agreed to by a vote of 24 against 17. Mr. Conness moved to lay the bill on the table. This was negatived—9 years to 31 navs. nays.

In the House, there was no business of any in terest transacted.

In the Senate, on the 20th, a joint resolution was introduced by Mr. Harris, providing for the taking of an industrial census in 1885 by the States. The question of appointing a Committee of Conference on the Montana dis-greement was discussed, but no conclusion reached. The bill repealing the Fugitive Slave law was taken up and discussed by Messrs, Foster, Summer and Brown, until the hour of adiogramment.

Journment.

In the House, the day session was occupied in considering the Tax bill. No speeches were made, and 52 resolutions were considered and rassed upon. During the evening session the bill for a new coinsge of one and two cent pieces were passed. The bill for reconstructing overthrown State Governments was then taken up, and Messrs. Norton, of Illinois, and Broomall, of Pennsylvania, spoke in favo: of the bill.

Broomall, of Pennsylvania, spoke in favor of the bill.

In the Senate, on the 21st, the House bill for the relief of postmasters robbed by rebel troops or querillas was passed. The bill to establish as ay offices at Carson city, Nevads, and Dalias city, Oregon, was taken up, and as amendment prov ding for a branch mint at Dalias city was adopted, when the subject was laid aside. The consideration of the bill repealing the Fugitive Slave law was then resumed, and Mr Van Winkle made a speech showing that West Virginia is ir gally and constitutionally one of the States of the Union. Mr. Howard moved an amendment to the bill, providing that no person found in any Turnitory or in the District of Commissional bank bedeemed to have been bed to serve eor to have been enslaved under the act of 1793, and that the said act be repealed. The National Bank bill, which Finance Committee with amendments, the only important one being the striking out of the provision relative to taxation of the capital, circulation and busines of the banks by States, and substituting a duty of one-harf of one per cent, each half year, and on a fiter Januar, 1864, upon the average amount of deposits, and a duty of one-quarter of one per cent, each half year upon the average amount of capital stock beyond the amount invested in United States bonds.

In the House, the Frinting Committee made as report designed to secure the continuance of the

In the House, the Printing Committee made a report designed to secure the continuance of the report designed to secure the continuance of the repolication of the Congressional Globe. The House publication of the Congressional Globe. The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the Tax hill, and completed it as far as the 75th section. Several Amendments to tax stocks of domestic liquors on hand were offered, and rejected; but a proposition to make the tax \$1 per gallon from the 1st of May, instead of the 1st of July, was agreed to.

ist of May, instead of the 1st of July, was agreed to.

In the Senate, on the 22d, a memorial from wool growers of Addison county. Vermont, was precented, urging a revision of the tariff on wool, as the existing tariff neither affords revenne to the Government or protection to the grower. The House bill establishing a bureau of military justice, consisting of Judge Advocates, was passed. The Army Appropriation bill was then taken up and a number of amendments, including one giving colored troops, after the let of January next, the same pay and allowances, except bounty, as white soldiers, was adopted, and the bill was passed by a vote of \$6 to 1—Mr. Powell, of Kentucky.

The entire session of the House was occupied with the Tax bill in Committee of the Whole. Amend-ments increasing the tax on wholesale and retail liquor dealers, commoroial brokers, passenger vessels, bo wing alleys and billiard tables, builders and con-tractors, illuminating oils, petroleum, soda water and other boverages, iron and numerous other strioles were adopted.

The Senate, on the 23rd, was not in session

The Senate, on the 23rd, was not in session.

In the House, a bill was passed creating an additiona. Supervising Inspector of Stramboats for New Orleans and Boards of Loral Inspectors at Protiend, Oregon, and at Memphis, Tens. A resolution was adopted ameading the fourth section of the Act of M.rch 2, 1793, empowering United States Commissioners to take ball in criminal cases and providing them with scals. The Committee who investigate the charges against Representative Blair, of M sact of speculating in liquors, while in military command in the Department of Missouri, reported that Mr. Blair had not violated any law. Some remarks followed of a personal character from Mr. Blair and his accuser. Mr. McClurg The cons deration of the Inernal Tax bill was then resumed, the House having resolved itself into a committee for that purpose.

FOREIGN NEWS.

In the English House of Lords the Marquis of Clanricarde moved for the correspondence with the Confederate States in reference to the removal of the British Consuls from Bouthern ports and the enlist-ment of English subjects in the rebel army. Earl Russell agreed to the motion, the words "so-called" being inserted before Confederate States, lest it should be imagined that Parliament had recognised the Con-

The House of prds had decided sgainst the Crown in the Alexandra case, and the vessel would be restored to her owners.

The Earl of Donoughmore called attention to the

case of the Koarsage culistments, and asked Earl Russell if he had communicated with the American

Government on the subject. Earl Russell thought the word of an officer of the United States navy, as to

Government on the subject. Earl Russell thought the word of an officer of the United States navy, as to men having come on board the vessel without his knowledge, ought to be taken. He had, however, called the attention of the American Minister to the reports of the trial.

Mr. Stansteld, M. P., had resigned his seat in the British Cabinet, in consequence of the French official rep-tition of his complicity with Mazzini and Greeco in the couspit acy against Napoleon's life. Lord Palmerston, speaking on the subject, said that the "personal" and "dynastic safety" of Napoleon were essential to the best interests of Europe.

The Duke of Newcastle resigned his seat in the British Cabinet in consequence of continued ill health. Garibaldi was received with great enthusiasm in England. He made a short speech at Southampton, in which be thanked the people, and proclaimed the fidelity of England to the cause of Italy.

From Denmark we are told that the Prussians had bombarded Sonderburg without having given any warning; that 80 women and children had been killed and wounded; that 1,500 shells had been thrown into the town, which was descreted, and that 50 houses had been burned. The slege lines against Duppel had been advanced, and the town cannonaded for some days. Lord Palmerston stated that all the Powers had agreed to the assembling of a Conference in London. It is said, however, that the Germanic Diet dissents.

Heenan, Sayers, Mace and other celebrities of the prisering pleaded guilty to the English indictment arising out of the late prisefigh between Heenan addingtion appear for sentence when called on.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Talk shout the Fair.

AFTER three weeks of a brilliant life the great event of the season settled int; a thing of the past on last Saturday eve. It went out, not quietly, past on last Saturday eve. It went out, not quietly, but honored by crowds, and lulled by the sound of soft music, crowds who dragged not listless feet through the vast buildings, but who were as lithe of step and as greedy of sight-seeing as ever. We cannot say that the brilliancy and earnestness of the affair not say that the brilliancy and carnestness of the affair was sustained to wards the last, and percape may be making an uncharitable temark when we say that from the instant the 25 cent paying crowd was admitted, the interest and attendance of the aristocratic dames and damsels, who had improvised shopkeeping, seemed to flag, and the democratic portion of the people were left in many cas is to stare upon empty stalls or neglected ones. We think this portion of the people were left in many cases to stare upon empty stalls or neglected ones. We think this ahould not have been, when it is considered that the stock of goods still remaining on hand amounts to a quarter of a million, and that our city has thousanda of beautiful women who would gladly have taken the places of those resigning, and kept up the interest and profit to the very latest moment. We will, however, drop all criti-ism and condemnation, and be disposed to record the entire matter as a success. disposed to regard the entire matter as a success, even though it is pretty generally admitted that its business management was not of the best, and that, with all the enthusiasm and chances of the beginning, the gross amount netted should have been increased at least 50 per cent.

One of the Curiosities

One of the Curiosities

Is the Police Department and its management, which is under the charge of Inspector Leonard. To the beduarters of this department, a room attached to the builcings, are brought all articles lost by the visitors, and found by the police or any one else Here, labelled and sorted, were thousands of articles from an odd glove up to a camel's hair shawl valued at \$750, and we believe unclaimed up to the closing of the Fair. A large safe contained considerable amounts of money, from a five cent currency stamp, up to roll of g-cenbacks, and boxes were filled with parsols, veils, books, furs and jewellery. To show that the fairer sex are not the only careless and forgetful ones, another part of the room is the receptacle for such odds and ends as overcosts, canes, handkerchiefs, gloves and matters appertaining to manly wear. manly wear.

Among the Incidents

Of the week was the vis t of Mrs. Grant, the wife of the General, who quietly took a look through the buildings, registered a vote for McClellan on the

the General, who quietly took a look through the buildings, registered a vote for McClellan on the sword question, and melted away into the erowd without being run down by them.

As a belance to this a man, who loudly announced his name as McClellan, on Wednesday every, young his own his winds his er through two hours from \$10 upwards, until it had reached 100, by which time possibly it boiled out.

A rather droll thing occurred at one of the stands in the refreshment-room on Tuesday everying. A stout, good looking man, apparently a Bricksher, looking with admiring eyes upon a young ledy strendant, asked, in a half liking way, the price of cartain cakes, and receiver for a swer, ten cents each. He salu the price was low enough, and he should like to eat some of them, were it not for the trouble of taking off his gloves. The fair lady suggested that he should eat them with his gloves on, but to that he objected, as it would styll them. The noxt proposition emanating from the flar shopkeeper, who did not like to lose a customer, we stand she should fred him, an offer that was accepted with an expression of countenance that plaid y said, "You won't dare to do it!" But the damsal way, not to be taken sheak, and with delicate diamond it agers she broke up the citibles and put them prices by plees into the mouth of the exter until he had devoured five! This was a fair test of her diaring, and as the job was done with perfect

gravity, the purchaser could not belp to be estisfied, and, after wiping his mouth, proferred a \$5 greenback in payment, and received back \$2 charge. To the question as to how the freat was performed he received answer that 10 cents each for the cakes made 50 cents, and 50 cents each for the labor performed in feeding, summed up \$31 If he did not leave a wiser man he did a poorer one, by \$3.

All about the Sword.

The voting upon the swords went steadily on through the week, until at the elessing of the pull on Thursday evening 16,154 votes had been entered; 8,307 for McCiellan; 7,824 for Grant; and 123 scattering. During the day the excitement seemed to rise, and among the voters were Mayor Gunther, who put down 28, and Mrs. James Gordon Bennett, who registered her name for 300, both for McClellan, while Mrs. John Jacob Astor gave 100 votes in favor of Farragut on the naval sword.

On Friday the excitement seemed to gather force, and it was only with the greatest exertion that space could be lept about the voting book for the eathus, astic admirers of either General who througed up with greenbacks to the rescue Opinion was freely expressed, but all in good humor, and whoever tried to make a p-litical or ill-natured demonstration was soon joked down. Every ten minutes the crowd was eager for fresh hullettes to show progress.

"Give us a bulletin!" shouted a tail individual continually, who did more pushing and shouting than voting.
"Give him a bullet in himself!" is the response of

tinually, who did more pushing and shouling than voit g.

"Give him a bullet in himself?" is the response of a little fellow, who has been suffering by the trampling of the giraffe for the last quarter of an hour.

"Here, I go for \$10," says an enthusiastic admirer of Listic Mac, envering his name that amount, "but I know they won't let my man get it."

"Who's your man "b" shouts a dozen voices.

"Little Mac, and I don't care who knows it," is the response.

"Who's your man?" shouts a dozen voices.

"Little Mac, and I don't care who knows it," is the response.

"You may bet he won't," is the answer, "that sword was built on purpose for Grant. Can't you see by the shape of the handle that it'.! just it his hand !"
Through this day a great number of votes came in by mail, many from the army, almost all of which were for McCiellan.

It had been arranged by the committee having charge swor, that on Saturday, at 2 o'clock, the book should close, and from that time until 8 o'clock the same evening, the votes must be sent in sealed envelopes and put in a box, at the end of which they would be publicly counted. This plan savored strongly of foul play, and created great disastis/saction, from the belief of the McCiellanites that something was on foot to defraud their favorite of the sword.

Ou the closing of the book the vote stood for McCiellan 1,1903, Grant 9,647, and scattering 184, McCiellan's majority neing 2,256.

From that time until about dark the interest fiagred, but awakened again as the time drew near for closing the box. Mysterious looking personnges were seen to make their way to it and drop in buiky envelopes that savored of large rolls of greenbacks. This brought back the crowds about the poll, and one more the voting and talking wend on. One gentleman offered to be \$1,000 that McClellan had received the largest vote, counting each name only as a vote, but could get no takers. Several times in the course of the evening his offer was repeated, but none would accept.

vote, but count get no takers. Several times in the course of the evening his offer was repeated, but none would accept.

Still these mysterious individuals would steal up to the box, and depositing bulky envelopes, would melt the box, and depositing bulky envelopes, would melt that some underhand influences were at work, and became proportionately excited.

As the hour of eight approached the crowd swelled and the buzx of 'volces increased. Above all was heard that of the member of the committee, who stood, watch in hand, announcing the time and encouraging the voting.

"T-enty minutes to eight, gentlemen! Come up and vote, how or never!" "Ladirs, don't be backward in coming forward." "Only 15 minutes now it express an opinion. Don't say in after life that you hadn't a chance." "Now, then, only five minutes more."

wat in coming forward." Only in minutes now i) express an opinion. Don't say in after life that you hadn't a chance." "Now, then, only five minutes more."

Every one was at the highest pitch of agony, and half-frightened glances were cast around as though something might occur at the last moment to snatch the coveted weapon from either of the favorites.

The clock was pointing to the very hour, when a lady, pushing through the cowed, esized a sard and pencil, wret. ser name, enveloped it in green backs, scaled it, and with a smile dropped the last vote in the box as the chimer ang out the last stroke of eight.

Then the committee retired and the counting organ, while the crowd waited in almost breathless slence for the result. It was painted in large letters on a sheet of paper and displayed to the andience from the orchestra. It read: Total vote, 44 963; for Grant, 10,291; McClellan, 14,509; scattering, 163. Misjority for Grant, 18,782.

The announcement brought forth a mingled flood of cheers, bisses, hootings and groans, and for some time it was feared that a scrious difficulty would arise from the excited thousands, who seemed to give way to the most intense feeling. At the moment of the greatest noise and confusion the dram corps of the 22d rigiment went through the building beating their loudest attoo, and soon succeeded in drowning all other noise, acting with the same effect on the crowd as would a heavy shower, scattering them in all directions.

The mystery of the mysterious men who had so quietly stolen to the ballot bix was soon explained, when it was found that ne-rily 20,000 of the Grant votes were only signed, "Loyal Mee of New York," or "Loyal New Etglancer.," one vote being for "Loyal New Etglancer.," one vote being for "Soulled to the most further comment. The navy sword registered 922 votes, and was awarded to Commander Rowan, by virtue of a majority of 130.

About eleven o'clock the excitement rose once more, and as discussion grew warm and difficulty was feared, the gas was turned down, the

And now for the Theatres.

The sensations of the week have not been great. Avonis Jones has been doing "Camille" and "Mcdea" to tolerable houses, and appears to be growing nightly on the public. This week she brings out an estire; new play, entitled "The Soreress" The Winter Garden having passed into new hands, those of Mesers. Stuart, Clarks and Booth, great additions and changes will soon be made, and the theatre put on a footing with the best of the country.

will soon be made, and the theatre put on a footing with the best of the country. Edwin Booth has been doing Esphael in that very handle Heart? and has sue with the best of the country.

Edwin Booth has been doing Raphael in that very French affair, "The Marble Heart," and has succeeded in crowding the houses, for which we are ser, y, as we deem the play unworthy his genius, and faily capable of being replaced by something bette.

Niblo's will run the firish drama this week, another fact for which we are sorry, and deprecate the public taste.

Mrs. Wood sticks to "Loyalina" and "Our Wife," and makes out well in doing so.

Barnum has brought out "Cudjo's Cave," and a wondrous cave it is, big enough and deep enough to contain all who wish to gather in it for six months to come. Judging by the throng, we are afraid that another "Uncle Toom" mania is about to selse the public, and that we shall see Cudjo caved until life will hardly be worth bearing.

It will be with regret that her old admirers will hear of Mrs. Hoey's retirement from Wallack's, and possibly altogether from the stage, though we doubt much if her estimable spouse will join in the regret. Miss Jane Coombs takes her place, "clever actress and a pretty woman.

Saturday, the tercentenary of Shaksspeare's birth, great things were done in all the theatres for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund, anador raise money for a statue to the bard in Central Park. The most prominent of these great things was "Romso and Julier" at Winter Garden. with Edwin James, lase Quess's Counsel, and now of our own bar, as

Figure Lawrence. It is unnecessary to say that the house was full and the thing well done. Mr. James has demonstrated that he would have made as good as actor as lawyer had fate so cest his lines. Mr. Wheetley, at Niblo's, played Prince Hal to Hacket's Faletaff, while Mr. Wallack gave his cheque for \$100, for the same good object. At noon upon the same day Mr. Hackett, assisted by represent tives of the professions of art, literature and the stage, laid the corner-stone for the status in Central Park.

Mr. Robert Heller inaugurated his new theatre of music and wagic on Monday, and h s drawn crowded houses. It is so long since New York has known a professor of the black art that one is now halled sea novelty. Mr. Heller does his work cleverly, and has withal a pleasant, witty way upon the stage that is more than half the battle in entertaining an sudlence. He is a plaulst of rare merit, and his opening night drew together many musicians of world-wide renown, carlous to bear their brother artist, and pleased when they had heard him.

The Last Idea.

The Last Idea.

The Last Idea.

A joint stock company is about being formed in this city to construct a huge floating horel. It is proposed to construct a huge floating horel. It is proposed to construct the moneter on a fist boat 500 feet in lergth by 250 broad, and able to accommodate 1,000 people. This hage machine may be moored at one of our whaves, or be anchored in the stream. It may be towed up the river or down the bay, anchored healde the Palisades with planks ashore, or at the Fishing Bunks with lines and hait on board. Having morest to pay, they propose to take weekly or sammer boarders low, and to publish in advance the programme of the week. A small steamboat and an abundance of row boats will be in constant attendance, and every convenience will be rendered those who have to attend business in the city. There have been worse ideas than this.

A New Sensation
is promised us in a few weeks in the shape of a wedding at the Academy of Music, under these circumstances: Before the breaking out of the war a young lady in this city was engaged to a Southern gentieman, who afterwards eviciestedes, has found his way to Fort Lafavette, where he is now. The young lady is intensely Union, but also intensely in love, and has through influence got permission from the powers that be to take her rebellious admirer out of his cage for a week or two, just long enough to marry him. It has been resolved to celebrate the affair at the Academy, at \$3 each admission, and give the money to the Sanitary Commission.

With which yery roubable piece of cossin we close. Academy, at as each action, the Sanitary Commission, with which very probable piece of gossip we close.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—J. Lathrop Motley, United States Minister to Vienns, has presented \$300 to the Boston branch of the United States Sanitary Commission.

On the occasion of his recent benefit in Boston Count Joannes was, unexpectedly to himself, held responsible to the amount of \$2.5 for the services of policemen, whose presence had been requested to preserve order in the immense assemblage which it was expected would be present.

HEADQUARTERS CAVALEY BRIGADE, RIPLEY,
Jackson county, Va., Sept. 3, 1863.
At the request of Capt. W. C. Thorne, of the Thirteeth United States Infantry, I certify that I have
taken from him the sum of \$5,025 in United States
Treasury notes, the property of the United States
Government.

A. J. FEWELDS. But. Com-

A. G. JENKINS, Brig.-Gen., Commanding.

Commanding.

Commanding.

The other claim was for the destruction of Government property in Backhannon, Upshur county, in September, 1862, during the Jenkins's raid of that fall. Several witus sees testified that Jenkins's men destroyed at least \$220,000 worth of property, consisting of arms and Quartermaster and Commissary stores, and that the rebels left the streets of the town strewed with hundreds of bags of coffee and beans. As above stated, judgments were rendered for the Government in both cases.

— According to the City Inspector's report, ther were 441 deaths in the city during the week ending Ap'il 18—a decrease of 31 as compared with the mortality of the week previous, and nine less than occurred during the corresponding week last year.

curred during the corresponding week last year.

The annual elect on of officers of the Tamm my Society took piace on the 18th ult at Tammany Hall. The following were the successful cardicates: Sacheman-Issae Bell, Daniel E. D. lavan, Charles G. Cornell, Matthew T. Bronnan, Douglas Taylor, Peter B Sw.cony, John E. Devel n, William M. Tweet James B. Nicholson, Edward Cooper, John T. H. ffman, Albert Cardoso, John Clanoy, Treasurer, Henry Vandewater Scoretary, Casper C. Childs. S. sgamore, George S. Messerve. Wiskinskie, Stephen C. Duryea.

The number of invastes in the public institute.

tree ge S Messerve. Wiskinskie, Stephen C. Duryea,

The number of inmates in the public institutions of the city now is 6,337, a decrease of 1 for the
past week. The number admitted was 1 227, and the
number who died, were dis harged or transferred was
1,441. The Commissioners of Charities and Correction have agreed to creet a county heb 142 asy
lust, in pursuance of a law passed by the Legislature.
The site of the institution will probably be an Ward's
1s and.

— Jeff Davis would make a first-class publisher. The printers in Allints, Georgia, having struck for more wages, he immeditary ordered them all to be constitted into the rebel army at \$15 a month, Confederate currency. The result is, that the four newspapers in which that city once rejoiced have been suspended.

- Gov. Seymour has signed the Soldiers' Voting

— The gold market has remained in a very quies cost state all the week, ranging from 162 to 176. Exchange on London 191—thus nearly doubling the price of every imported article, witnout reference to the new tariff.

— The London Times, which has been discouraging the emigration to America of the Irish now says:
"It is better to encourage emigration than to maintain these per per at the expense of the Government."
Just co. as an able bodied laborer can earn more in a day in this consert than be can in a work in Ireland day in this country than he can in a week in Ireland, the indusement to go abroad is not to be resisted. The bill before Congress to encourage immigration will add largely to the numbers already on the way bere.

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--- A new religious sect, called "Come-outers, has broken out in Pleasant Valley, Connecticut Their belief is "perfect life, the ouly pass ort to immortaity." The members generally consider them selves "elected."

The number of dead in the National Cometery at Getty-burg is said to be 3,512. The highest amount of money found on any one person was \$35. The various memorands, disries, etc., taken from the persons are under the charge of air. Daniel Weaver, the superintendent of removal. But two allver and one gold watch were found.

It is thought that Congress will remain in ses

Gen. Lee asked, by flag of truce, if the orders of Col. Dabigren, as published in the Richmond papers, are genuine. Kilpatrick answered with a flat denial.

Prisident Lincoln has approved the act extending for two years, from its date, the time within which the States and Territories may accept the grants of

land donated for the establishment of colleges for the benefit of agricultural and the mechanical arts. West Virginia is included within the provisions of the law.

Southern.—The people of western North Caro-lina recently bung several Conf derate officers and soldiers for attempting to enforce the conscription act.

——The approaching gubernatorial election in North Carolina is causing considerable uneastures among the friends of Mr. Jefferson Davis. The Releigh Con-federate says that its result depends a together upon the success of the rebel armies in the approaching campaign.

campaign.

— As an evidence of the charge in public opinion which this war has wrought, we need only refer to the parade, lately, of three colored regiments in Battimore; and more, these same tsoops are a portion of Maryland's quota.

of Maryland's quota.

Thirtary.—As a proof of how much accident has to do with the war, the Washington Star, of April 9, says: "Yesterday, Capt E. T. Sullvan, of the 2d Texas cavality, presented himself at the Provost-Marshal's office in this city, and asked permission to take the oath prescribed in the Pre-ident's Amnesty Proclamation, which request was granted, and he was furnished with transportation to Philadelphis. Sullivan has a wife and one child residing in Texas, where he owns 46 slaves and a plantation of 600 acres. From his statement, it appears in March, 1861, he was commissioned a ist Lieut, in the 2d Texas-avalry, and that in May, 1862, he was promoted to a Cyptainey. He was in his battenent, it appears in March, 1861, he was exchanged, went home and joined his regiment; but hearing that three of his brothers were in the Union army, determined to fight an more against the United States Government. After repeated efforts, he succeeded to making his way into the Union lines at Frederick. Mo., on Friday last, and from there proceeded to this city."

— The President has commuted the soutenee of feath, recently mand unexpected in order the control of the control o

— The President has commuted the sentence of death, recently passed upon several deserters, into imprisonment on the Dry Tortugas during the war.

Gen. Grant has been very busy inspecting the various corps of the Potemae army during the pas week. He was highly pleased with their appearance and discipline.

Forsonal.—A Northernman, who has just escaved from Wilmington, gives to the editor of the New Regime, at Nortolk, the following statement respecting Mr. and Mrs. Mallory: "I lived within a few doors of Mr. Mallory, the Confederate States Secretary of the Navy. His wife, a Spanish lady, is most anxious to reach the State of Massachusetts, where her sister now is living. The Secretary and his lady are actually very poor, so poor that when guests were at their house they usually had to borrow from us table equipage, and that of the simplest. During a temporary absence I made the Secretary welcome to the milk of my solitary cow, and he esteemed it, for his wife's sake, an exceedingly great kindness."

— Henry Ward Beecher has purchased of Mr. J. S. Abbott, of South Royalston, Vt., a fine pair of bay Morgan horses for \$600

— Mrs. Gen. Grant visited the Sanitary Fair on the

— Mrs. Gen. Grant visited the Sanitary Fair on the 2d April, and voted for Gen. McClellan in the sword

— Mrs. Douglas, the Senator's widow, has a written derial that she is engaged as clerk in Treasury Department.

— John Hoey paid \$1,000 for a pair of vases at the Sanitary Fair.

— Mrs. Jessic Fremont sent the following tele-gram to a gentleman in San Francisco. oo hearing of the death of the Rev. Starr King: "Put violets for me on the coffin of our dear 'riend who sleeps." — Frank Vizetelly, the correspondent of the Illustrated London News, has returned to England from the rebel States, where he has been for nearly two years. His opinion is that the South will never be conquered. The women keep alive the warlike spirit.

Obituary.—Mrs. Harriet D. Field, wife of David Dudley Field, died at der residence, in Gramercy Park, on the 22d April, of billous fever, produced by exhaustion from her severe labors in belaif of the Santary Fair. It is only a few days ago that we were called upon to announce the death of Mrs. Kirkland from a similar cause.

Dr. Holmes, of Calais, Maine, a brother-in-of Vice-President Hamlin, died suddenly, while up a patient. He had been trou-led id-r some with heart disease, which probably caused his death.

— Julius Ixard Pringle, Esq., who died recently at Rome, Italy, was a man of focture, from Charleston, S. C., and one of the most accomplished luxuriasts of the last half century.

- Alexander Calame, of Geneva, Switzerland, one Alexander Calame, of Geneva, Switze'land, one of the grandest landscape artists on the Continent, is dead. Calame, though chiefly known in the United States by the lithographs and etchings of his remarkable "Studies in the Aips," was one of the most successful paysayists, as the French sy, where mountains are concerned, in modern times. His chef dreawers are mostly to be found in the collections of the Emperors of Rassia and of the French, of the Queen of England and the Kirg of Prussia.

Accidents and Offences.—Hop, A. T. Gatt, of Cunada, was recently done out of \$2 000 by H. T. Machis, an agest of his to whom he gave a blank cheque, to be filled out to meet a draft for a small amount about due.

— The Ciccinnati papers revort great excitement there in consequence of the disappearance, between two days, of Mesars. Bodwell & Co., commission merchants, who seem to have acquired unlimited credit in some mesterious way, and to have improved their opportunities by forgetting to pay their bilis. They are supposed to have gone to Canada.

— Rev. J. L. Janon, a colored elegyman, who was arrested at Clifton, Canada, last January, upon a charge of trying to induce negroes to cullst, has just be on released, for the very simple reason that no one appeared to prefer charges against him.

— There was a large fire in Lowell, Mass., 20th, in the Wamiset Steam Mill, used for while the wood work.

kinds of wood work.

— On Wednesday night, the 20th April, a passenger train on the Lebacon Valley railroad (reep) had an accident, at the junction of the Nor h Lebanon road, in consequence of the malicious shifting of a switch. The locomotive was broken up and the baggage car and one passager ar thrown off the track. The engineer, Thomas Gabriel, was badly scaled. No one else was injured.

— The Adamantine Caudle Works of C. H. Grant & Co., on 23d and Hamilton streets, Philadelphis, were entirely destroyed by tire on the 20th. Loss, \$100,000; mostly insured. The firm did an extensive business, shipping 18,000 hoxes of candles per month to California.

— A rait was recently discovered to be on free while passing down the Pusquehama river. Persona from the shore finally reached her, when they found three men on board, one burned to a crisp and the other two insensible. Nothing could be learned of them; but it is supposed that the raft took fire while they were saleep, or under the influence of liquor.

Toreign.—The last foreign mail settles the question of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, the African extion of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, the African extinct of the safety of Dr. Livingstone, the African extinct of the Livingstone with the African extinct of the Livingstone and the Luabo, mouth of the Zambesi river), on the 21st December, which states that Dr. Livingston half owne back from his expedition up the country, an arrived at the foot of Murchison falls in November and they intended to come down the river as soon as the water rose sufficiently to get the Pioneer down. Dr. Livingstone and the Bishop and the party were well in health. The mission party also intended to

leave the country, as it appeared sn unsuitable fiel and would return to Eogland by the Cspe The Bish and his clorgymen, however, were to visit the Go ernor of Mosamoique.

ermor of Mosamorque.

— A livery-stablekeeper, of Lowdon, was ree swindied out of five shi lings and two glasses o and water by a man who represented himself Lord John Russell in a great hurry, and on his to Windsor, to see the Queen.

Magnin has addressed a letter to the Londo Times, in which he exonerates Mr. Stans'old, Membo of Parliament, from any connection with the recent attempts upon Napoleon's life.

attempts upon Napoleon's life.

Chit-Chat,—Lieut, James Hutchinson, of the Veteran Receive Corps, tells a story of Gen. Grant. Lieut. Hutchinson is stationed in Washington, and a few days since was on duty as Officer of the Day at the War Department. An order was in force which forbade smoking in the building, and the sentries were instructed to enforce it. It so happened that among those who called to see Gen. nalleck was Lieut. Gen Grant, who approached the door confidently, eigar in mouth, experting, coubtless, to passe without question: but the veteran soldier on guard knew his daty better. Bringing his piece down to a charge, be barred the General out, and informed him, respectfully, that he couldn't go in and keep his cigar! The Lieutenant-General is too goon a disciplinarian to dispute such a point; so he yielded, threw the obnoxious weed away ard went in After his "eparture an order came down from Gen, Halleck rescinding the order about smoking, so far as it affected army officers!

— George Francis Train caused quite a flutter

anected army officers!

— George Francis Train caused quite a flutter in the brea-t of the clerk who has charge of the sword voting. Going up to that sanguine individual he introduced himself, and saying he wished to vote for Gon McClellaz, asked the clerk if he had a blauk check. The cierk said he had not, but would get one, whereupon Geo. Francis said, "Never mind; I won't trouble you," and then magnificently taking out a dollar, voted for McClellan.

— Two of myle Theorems of the clerk is the said he was a said to the contract of the

dollar, voted for McCiellan.

Two of mots Theekersy, not before in print, appeared in the last number of Fraser: "Being told that an aequaintance of his, who was notorious for his love of be er, had salled for India, he said: 'He was a good fellow. Tare him for half and-half, we shall not look upon his like again!" On his ittroduction to one of the Harpers in New York, Thackeray had joked with him on the American contempt for copyright, and when he went into the drawing-room he took a little girl whom he found playing there on to his knee, and, gazing at her with felgned wonder, said in solemn tones, "And this is a pirate's daughter!"

— A deguerrean artist in Manchester. Note.

— A diguerrean artist in Manchester, New Hampshire, one day last week, having overheard part of a conversation between two ladies, impudently istruded himself upon their privacy, and made himself so obnoxious that the ladies have sent a statement to the Manchester Duity Union, as a warning to those who might wish their pictures taken.

— A Bavarian professor amounces that in 1865 a comet shall come so close as to endanger this our earth; and should it not attach itself to the earth as one globule of quicksilver to another, nor annihilate us, the sight will be most beautiful to be hold. During three mights we shall have no darkness, but be bathed in the brilliant light of the blazing train.

— In one Rhode island regiment are 14 brothers named Postly. Four of them are twins

mamed rostly. Four of them are twins

— In a private letter to the editor of the Washington Republican, from the army, the writer tells a
story of one of the farmers in the vicinity of Culpeper, whose possessions lay in a discrict where both
armies have foreged. The old chao one day, white
surveying rusually the streaks in the soil where his
fences once stood, remarked with much feeling: "I
hain't took no sides in this yer rebellion, but I'll be
dog gorned if both sides hain't took me."

— The well-known romance in Nina, by Pacaielle, better known to Eogliah readers as "Hope told a flattering Tele," is an arrangement of one of the accient Italian melodies surposed to be of Greek origin, and suog by the h-lf-savage peasantry of Southern Italy — a kind of music which Pacciello was wont to collect.

— The annual report of the Department for Re-gistration for Births, Deaths and Marriages mentions we cases where parties were married between 70 and 30 years of age. and one is which the happy cus omer was between 80 and 90. Surely this is encouraging to those who were heretofore looked upon as hopeless

THE MASSACRE AT FORT PILLOW.

A MASSACRE, savage in conception, savage in execution, and savage in its noted and rement by the rebeis at the South and their minious at the North, has horrified the land.

Gen. Sherman telegraphs that after the capture last week of Fort Phlow, near Columbus, by Forrest's radiding rebel force, 300 of our colored sodders, whom their commander had surrendered as pilsoners of war, including those who had been wounded in the defence, were butchered in cold blood by their

The Coiro Correspondent of the Association Press ados that five of them were buried alive. Four of these were among the wounded, while the fifth was compelled to help dig the pits, and then tumbled in and covered up. The correspondent adds that Gen.

Chaimers give notice that no quarter was hereforth to be given to "home-made" Yankees—that is, to Southern Ucionists, white or black The correspondent of the St. Louis Union tele-graph: that of 350 colored soldiers who were engaged graph: that of 350 colored soldiers who were engaged in the defence but 56 ar/ lof. alive and that every one of their (white) officer; was killed. Also, that the rebets went over the field the morning after the fight and killed every wounded negro who was not already dead. Many of our wounded, he ad s. were shot in the hospita; which was finelly burned. Gen. Chalmers told the Union correspondent that he had endeavored to stop this butchery of prisoners, but that it was contrary to the policy of his Government to a renegro soloiers or their (white) officers and that he considered that policy rignal. Another rabel officer observed that our white troops would have bee protected from butchery if they had not been found fighting side by side with negroes!

This correspondent was on board the Union steamout Platte Vallay, which was passing up the fitississippi on the day after the capture, and was haited under a flar of true to the received and united to take

This correspondent was on board the Union steam boat Platte Valley, which was passing up the Mississippi on the day after the capture, and was hailed under a flag of truce by the rebels, and invited to take away such of our wounded as had been left alive. That white as well as black soldiers were massacred by the rebels after all resistance had exasted—that black women, and children not more than eight years old, were slaughtered like sheep—is attested by the passengers on the Platte Valley. Some of our officers on coard that steamb at the reported to have fraternised with Chalmars and his murdering subordinates, treefing them with the word had not of a gerrison of 600, were brought away wounded by the Platte Valley—only seven or eight of them colored; but 2.0 in all are said to h.vv. been saved. Of the 57, eight did before the steamboat reached C-4ro.

A correspondent thus describes the battle and its hellish afterpiece: "We have gleaned the facts of the hight from autheatic sources, and they may be relied upon as truthful. The rebels, under Forres; appeared and drove in the pickets about surprise on Tuesday morning. The garrison of the fort consisted of about 200 of the 13th Tennessee volunteers and 400 nero artillery, all under command of Major Booth. The gunboat No. 7 was also in the river. The rebels first stacked the two outer forts, and in several attempts to charge were repulsed. They were constantly reinforced, and extended their lines to the river on both

sides of the fort. The garrison in the two outser were at length overprowered by superior numbers, and about noon evenueted them and retired to the fort on the river. Here the fight was maintained with press obstineey and continued till about four guile declivity, cleased and fully exposed to a raking fire from two sides of the fort.

"About 30 yards from the fort is a deep raviee, running all along the front, and so steep at the bottom as to be hidden from the fort and not commanded by its guns. The rabels charged with great botimess down the declivity, and faced wi hout blanching a murderous fire from the guns and small arms of the murderous fire from the guns and small arms of the shallered from fire by the steep bank which had been thus left by some unaccountable neglect or ignorance. Here the rebels organized for a final charge upon the fort, after sending a flag of truce with a demand for a surrender, which was refused. The approach from the ravine was up through a deep, narrow gully and the strep embankments of the fort. The last charge was made about four Pm., by tise whole rebel force, and was successful, after a more despress a constant stream of shot and shell. She fired 200 shells, and, as testified to by those who could see, with marvellous precision and with fatal effect. Major Booth who was killed near the close of the fight, conducted the defence with great coolness, skill and gallantry. His last signal ergonics. The proposed of the guns and repetitive to the last. By the unform and voluntary testimony of the rebel officers, as well as the survivors of the fight, it is certain that the negro artillery regiments fought with the bravery and coolness of veterans, and served the guns with a kill and precision. They did not falter nor fisch until at the last charge, when it was evident they would be overpowered, they broke and feel to the fort, and the survivors had surrendered, however, and order the bushes, were pursued by the representation of the fort, and the survivors had surrendered to the for

THE MUSEUM OF MONARCHS—The Emperer 19apoleon III. has established at the Leuvre, alreary so rich in currostics and tressures of art, a nuseum of monarchs. Here will be collected all the personal memorials which can be secured of the acvereigns who have ruled over France. Among those row to be seen in this interesing collection are the following: Arms and fragments of royal ornsmets be origing to Childreig, a curule chair of Dagobert; the prayerbook, aceptre and sword of Coarlemagne; the brevary and baptismai vase of St. Louis; the armor worn by Francis I. on the famous field of Francis II; the helmet and shield, splen icity irlaid, of the monater Charles IX.; the armor of H. Dri Quatre; the locksmith's tools of the ha less Louis XVI.; the clown worn by Napoleon I, at his cornation.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, on lending a book to a clead, begged that he would not fall to return it, dding, good humoredly: "Although most of my denos are bad arithmeticians, they are all good book-

keepers!"
This jest of Sir Walter's reminds us of some poet's
witty verses, entitled "The Art of Book-keeping,"
from which we give a few stanzas;

"I of my Spenser quite bereft, Last winter sore was shaken; Of Lamb I've but a quarter left, Nor could I save my Bacon.

"They picked my Locke, to me far more Than Bramah's patent worth; Androw my losses I deplore, Without a Home on earth.

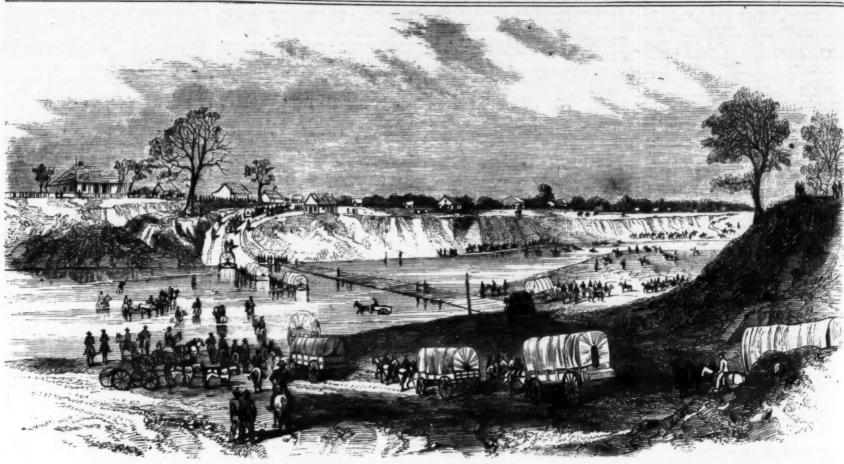
"They still have made me slight returns, And thus my grief divide; For, oh! they eared ve of my Burns, And cased my Akenside.

" But all I think I shall not say, Nor let my anger burn; For as they have not found me Gay, They have not left me Sterne."

CORRECTING HIS ORTHOGRAPHY .- In a com-CORRECTING HIS URTHOGRAPHY.—In a Competitive examination held for the purpose of appointing fit preses to some of the Government offices, one of the candidates inadvertently spelt the word Venice with two n²; thus "Venice." The examiner, an Englishman, but not always a correct speaker, sternly inquired:

"Do you not know, sir, that there is but one hes in Venice."

"Then, eggs must be very scarce there," was the ready reply. The candidate passed.

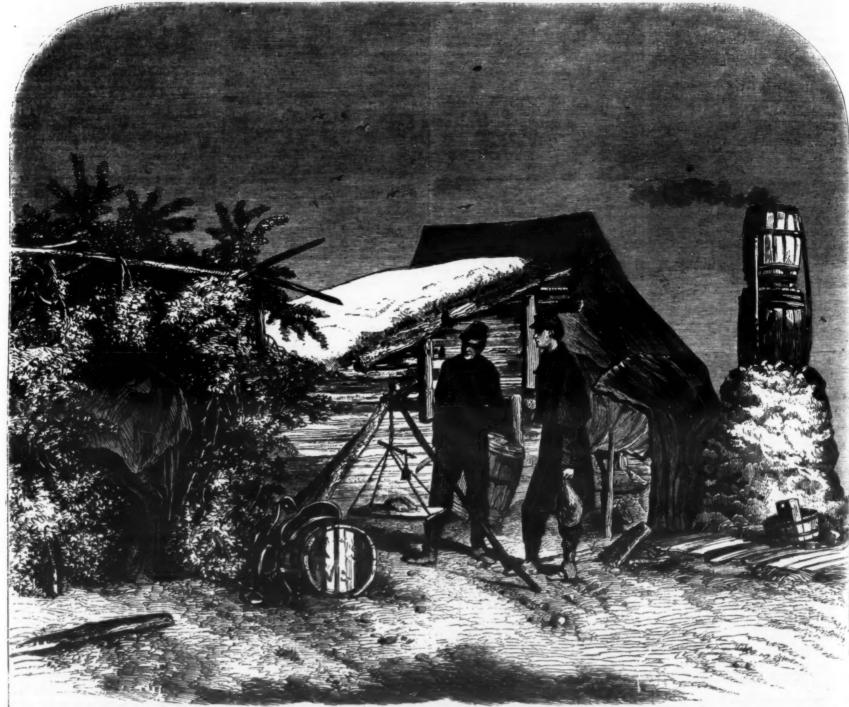


THE WAR IN LOUISIANA-GEN. LER'S CAVALRY FORDING CAME RIVER, MARCH 31.-FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.-SEE PAGE 102.

THE PLAZA DE HIDALGO, MATAMORAS, MEXICO.

MATAMORAS has always been an object of interest to Americans since the time of the Mexican war. It became a town on our frontier, giving us the daily spectacle of civil war and commotion. During the

MR. Rock, the player, once advised a scene MR. Rock, the player, once advised a scene shifter to get a subscription on receiving an accident. A few days after he desired the man to show him the list of names, which he read, and returned to the poor fellow, who, with some surprise, said: "Why, Mr. Rock, won't you give me something?" "Is it me you mean?" says Rock; "why, zounds! man, didn't I give you the hint?"



ALMICHES OF ARMY LIFE-WEIGHING OUT BATIONS. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, EDWIN FOREIS. SEE PAGE 103.



THE PLAZA DE HIDAIGO, MATAMOBAS.-FROM A SERTCH BY OUR SPRCIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

THE SOUTH WIND.

OH, the light south wind!

It brought us the odor of orange bowers,
Of citron trees and of all rare flowers,
As we sat by our doors in summery hours,
Did the light south wind.



Oh, the sweet south wind!

It brought us the oriole's love-breathing note,
The paroquet's praise of his pretty green coat,
The carols that rush from the mockingbird's
throat,

Did the sweet south wind.

Oh, the loud south wind! It brought the rude song and the African's

It brought us—oh, shame!—his deep sighs of unrest,

When the foot of his master bore hard on his breast,

Did the loud south wind.

Oh, the wild south wind!

It brought us the murmurs of bitterness first,
Then threats of the traitor (for ever accurst),
And the hum of a tempest just ready to burst,
Did the wild south wind.

Oh, the mad south wind!

It brought us the surge of a battle maelström,
The cracking of rifles, the cannon's deep boom.

The crashing of mortars, the thunders of doom, Did the mad south wind.

Oh, the sad south wind!

It told us anew the dark story of Cain,
Rehearsing, to grieve us, again and again,
The groans of the dying, the dirge for the

Did the sad south wind.

Oh, the glad south wind!

It brings the sweet bugle-note, piercing and strong,

Proclaiming the triumph of Right over Wrong, And we lift up our voices to join in the song, Of the glad south wind.

Married Four Days without Knowing it!

MARRIED four days without knowing it! Was such a thing ever heard of? I faney not; it wouldn't agree with the eternal fitness of things. Nevertheless, I was married in broad daylight, in full possession of my senses, and was not aware of the happy fact until four days afterwards! How did it happen? Ah, dear reader, it is just my purpose to relate that:

My father's patronymic was Dimple, and I was the only little Dimple that he and my mother could boast of. My father died four years before I attained my majority, and I fell heir to The Willows, a goodly fortune and large share of inherent bashfulness; inherent, I say, because my worthy mother often told me that my father was the most bashful young man that she ever met with. From the time of my father's death my mother lived very retired; indeed, so seeluded was I from the outside world, that when manhood's years were upon me, and circumstances threw me into society, I found myself incapable of assuming the position due to me. I was possessed of talents, had an excellent education and much information, for I had been a great reader—my books had been my chief companions—yet with all my studying and reading I had neglected the great book of society, that book of so many types.

To be sure, I had some acquaintances—even a hermit knows somebody—yet these were made by no exertions on my part. I had no young lady friends; I belonged to no "set;" I knew no "jolly fellows;" and if I mention our minister and a few worthy church members, my teachers, persons with whom I had business transactions, and some ancient friends of my mother's, I will have enumerated all who were honored by having me notice them. In my usual intercourse with men I could proceed without embarrassment, but when "out," when in company—as I found I had to be after I had taken upon myself the ownership and management of our home—I was ill at ease; my conversational powers were of the poorest description; I was not affable, even at commonplace; and, knowing my failings, I strove to be as retiring and unassuming as possible. My blushing, stammering and confusion in the presence of ladies made me a butt for their sly ridicule, and my impressions of them were not flattering; I conceived them to be a flirting, affected set, who thought it womanly to measure their abilities by their conquests and apply the term "soft" to goodnatured gentlemen of modest dispositions. Alas, the string attached to my mother's apron had had very strong ties for her dear boy!

As a matter of course such game as myself was not to be neglected; my wings were well feathered, and the people knew it. In my walks, bows from obsequious individuals were plenty; professional men were "happy to meet" me; elderly gentlemen shook my hand in a fatherly manner, asking me to call and see them at their houses: "And you know, my dear Dimple, if I should not be home, why, the ladies will be only too glad to receive you." Enterprising mammas, prospecting for gold, thought me as rich a spot as they could strike on, and although their daughters were happy in ridiculing my failings, they would have been much happier had I paid court to them. Did I ever think of marrying? Oh, yes; but I had never seen a reality that would approach my ideal of a wife, and sometimes I blamed myself for looking for too much perfection. Invitations to call and invitations to parties were alike neglected, although my mother strove to persuade me to accept some of them, that I might rub off some of the rust of disuse; and I became more of a bookworm than ever, wishing for no other world than The Willows, no other society than that of the speakers of the silent language—my books.

At last, however, a circumstance transpired which materially altered the monetony of my life. A serious trespass on my property gave me occasion to consult Judge Walker, of Salem, who had been one of the executors of my father's will, and who had always been his legal adviser. On calling at his office one afternoon, I found that he was at court, presiding at a murder trial. My business was urgent, it would be imprudent to delay the matter too long, and as it was impossible to confer with the judge' then, I concluded to wait and see him at his house during the evening. The Willows was a mile out of town, and the judge's residence just half-way between. Eight o'clock found me at the wicket-gate that opened into the judge's garden, and there I stopped and shuddered—the judge had a daughter! I had forgotten that. What would I do? "Oh, never mind, my boy," said I, to myself; "ask for the judge, transact your business, and depart with a clear conscience." Certainly, just the idea.

Through the wicket-gate, up the gravel-walk, under the grapevine, and I was on the stoop. This was built in plazza style, and between its shadow, the darkness of the night and the want of a light in the hall, I had trouble in finding the knocker. A hard rap at this was soon answered by a pattering of feet, and a voice singing, "Charley is my darling!" The door was hurriedly opened, and before I could speak a pair of arms were thrown about my neck, and a girlish voice said:



" That little Affair of the Trespass."

"What detained you so long, father?"

And a plump, warm cheek was pressed against
maternal kiss.

paternal kiss.

This was a predicament for a bashful man. I had never kissed a young lady in my life, and now to have a handsome girl's arms about my neek and a pair of lips so close to mine was rather—well, it was more than I had bargained for. I was embarrassed, yet I admit that I actually thought of giving her a loving hug and a kiss, and then beg her pardon and tell her that I mistook her for my mother. As I said, I was embarrassed; and it was not until the arms were taken from my neek, my fair embracer saying, "Why, father, what is the

not until the arms were taken from my neck, my fair embracer saying, "Why, father, what is the matter?" that I found words to explain myself.

"My dear young lady—a—that is, Miss Walker, your father is not me; you must—a—or at least I must—"

At this juncture the appearance of a servant with a light put an end to my elaborate apology, and discovered me with hat in hand trying to articulate something, and Miss Walker standing a beautiful picture of confusion. She had retreated a few steps, but had neither screamed nor fainted; her curls were alightly disordered; her cheeks were covered with womanly blushes; and a startled expression was on her face, which relaxed into a smile as she recognised me, and broke the awkward

"Why, Mr. Dimple! Dear me, what a mistake I have made! I was sure you were father; you must excuse me, sir."

Excuse her! certainly I would. Such mistakes I thought very excusable, especially with such a fair offender. My embarrasament over, I stated my business, and knowing, of course, that the judge was not at home, I was taking my leave, begging a world of pardons, when a very pressing invitation to stay and await the judge's coming brought me to a halt.

My distrust of woman generally half persuaded me to deeline, but Miss Walker's conduct after her little, and, to me, pleasing mistake; her unaffectedness and charming nonchalance had awakened my dormant admiration—I liked the girl. I sacrificed my distrust, entered the parlor, considering myself a doomed man, and was seated in an armchair before one of those grate fires that I loved so much.



According to Law-but no Clergyman.

She busied herself a few moments putting away some sewing, and as she flitted here and there I had a chance to observe her. She was of medium height, and her figure was perfection, well set off by a close fitting dress reaching the neck, and relieved by tasty linen collar and brooch, while linen cuffs terminated the sleeves. Her face had that quiet modest expression of true beauty; her lips full and pouting, and her chin well rounded, both showing strong love and affection; her eyes large and blue and her well-shaped head adorned with a profusion of chestnut curls. She kept chatting all the time, endeavoring to keep me at ease; but the little con tretemps on my arrival, and her pleasing manner, olen away half my diffid

At length the clearing-up was finished, and she seated herself in a rocking-chair beside m

"You know, Mr. Dimple," said she, as she shook back her curls, displaying a beautifully formed neck, "father is away usually most of the day, and I am always happy to meet him on his return and receive his kiss. Since dear mother died I have loved him more than I ever did, and I always feel sorry to part with him and always glad ome him home—that will account for my affectionate reception of you this evening," and she smiled ple easantly.

I stammerd out something about her having no occasion to excuse herself at all; then I coughed, and was near losing ground, but Tom Moore save A volume of his poems was lying near, and I

took it up and opened it.

The page before me bore the title of the second ection of "Lalla Rookh," "Paradise and the Peri," and in pencil on the margin was written:
"This poem contains the best sentiment of Lalla Rookh -my own opinion exactly, and I mustered courage enough to express that opinion to Miss Walker

From this remark' sprung a conversation that lasted during a good part of my stay. I found that she was well read in both prose and poetry, and they had been my life study—English literature had been my particular hobby. I told her as much, and grewelequent on my favorite theme. I reviewed the poets from old Chaucer to Tennyson, not forgetting our own children of the Lyre: I snubbed the classics and pitted Milton against them; I repeated Shakespeare's "Seven Ages," and even gestured in doing so; I gave Ben Jon-son the cold shoulder; I praised Goldsmith for his truth and simplicity, and lamented poor Chatterton; I defended Byron, and challenged any poet to equal Moore for melody and sentiment. Then I glanced at the prose writers, winding up with Irving, and giving as a sample of his beautiful style his description of the Alhambra by moonlight. Here I dropped authors, but fearing that I would lose vantage if I quitted books altogether, I ran the risk of being considered a bibliomaniac, and took up biography and history; and found that Miss Walker was almost as well informed on the lives of eminent personages, and as well acquainted with historical facts, as myself. Mind you, I did not do all the talking myself; oh, no; my fair com-panion gave her opinions and expressed her views freely; and when we came down to commonplace (and I let myself down slowly, for I dreaded what was to me shaky ground), I found myself conversing as if I had known her for years. I was astonished at myself; I found that I had conver-sational powers that I had never dreamt of. And what had brought them to light? That is easy answered—I had found what I had long sought for, a person whose tastes sympathised with my own, a woman of education and liberal sentiments, who onverse on other subjects than the usual small talk of society. I need not say that she was my admiration, but it was not her intellectual ac-quirements alone that pleased me—her whole man-ner was pleasing; as she looked in my face while talking, her eyes had the open, honest look of the true woman; there was no affectedness in voice or action; and her smiles were much different from the quizzing ones I had been used to. I was ned; I forgot the hours and my bashfulness; and the spell was not broken until a footstep soundand the spen was and walker started—then a heavy foot on the stoop. "Oh, it's father, I'm sure," and she hurried to the hall, and I could hear the door open before the knocker sounded; then a kiss and tender inquiries from daughter to father as to what detained him; then a whisper about "the gentleman in the parlor"—which caused "the gentleman in the parlor" a flurry of the heart— then the door opened and the hale old judge him-self entered, followed by his daughter. I arose and instantly commenced a hurried, stammering apology for intruding; but the judge stopped me as he grasped my hand warmly:

Why, my dear boy, this needs no apology; happy to see you, sir—consider yourself at home. Where have you kept yourself? I believe I have not seen you since the settling-up of your father's perty that of The Willows, sir., Sit down, sir; sit down. Sorry that I was not here sooner, but we had a long trial and a most obstinate jury. Threatened to lock them up until to-morrow, and—no, Lizzie, thank you, I have had some supper—and as I was saying, Mr. Dimple, that made them act like sensible men."

Here I managed to state the cause of my visit, but thought that he must be weary of law for one day at least, and that the affair of the trespas might lie over until some other time.

"Ah! yes, Mr. Dimple, it is rather a troublesome affair; but we can easily settle it some other time. I have to sentence the culprit to-morrow afternoon-sorry to have to do it, sir: clever, manly young fellow—did it all in a moment of passion—but the law must be satisfied, and I will be at leisure in the evening; suppose you call in the even-

Did I like the idea of having to call on the next ovening? I think I did—I am very sure I did. On my way home that night I redected on the change

that had come over we within a few hours. Charles Dimple, Esq., of The Willows, had become an altered Dimple. Certainly Lizzie Walker was not perfection's self, but I resolved that seeking for entire perfection would no longer be one of my imentire periections. Fancy was busy. Said she to me:
"Now that you have broken the ice, your bashfulness will amount to nothing; you do not know your own worth; why, your money is all powerful; and own worth; why, your money is all-powerful; and all you will have to do is to propose, and she will accept you without a demur." But my better judgment said: "If she's the girl you take her to be, she'll do nothing of the kind." "Spoken like yourself, my boy," said I; and buttoning my coat to the chin, I faced a penetrating nor'easter, and was at home in a few moments. My mother was

"Why, Charles," said she, in a troubled tone, where have you been? Did you see the judge?"
Oh, yes, mother. Saw her as soon as I called,

and it is all right. She says

Who ?" "She says! "Why, the judge, to be sure; he thinks it's a clear case, and I tell you she's splendid. Hold her well up, and she'll take hedge and ditch; give her fair play, and I'll back her against the field!"
"Why, Charles, are you crazy? What are you

talking about ?" "Why, Miss Walker, to be sure. She is as fin

lady as-ch! oh!"

Here I came to my senses, and related my even-ing's experience. I found in my mother a sympa-thetic listener. She thought, since she was getting well on in years, that a new mistress would be a good acquisition to The Willows. She would have broached the subject before, were it not for my backwardness, and now since I had met with such an estimable young lady as Miss Walker, she advised me to keep up the acquaintanceship. Believing that my mother spoke like a sensible woman, I then and there resolved that, if my spirits would keep me up, I would keep up the acquaintanceship. Sleep was long in paying her visit that night; my brain was too busy, and when at last I was under her influence dream followed dream; and when I arose in the morning I could have sang "Her bright smiles haunt me still." I was impatient until evening came, and when at last the curtains of night were fairly drawn I donned my sprucest attire, and with cane in hand took my way to the home of my legal adviser-of course only on business, just to settle that little affair of the trespass, you know. Through the wicket-gate, up the gravel-walk, under the grapevine, and I was again at the knocker. I confess my heart was fluttering, but wasn't I on business? Certainly I was. I was ushered into the parlor, the judge met me at the door with outstretched hand, and shook mine warmly. Lizzie received my proffered hand with a pleasant smile, and placed a chair for me between herself and father. That evening I shall ever re-member as among the pleasantest of my life. I did not allow myself to become embarrassed during the whole of my stay; but perhaps I was just a little

After this I often paid an evening visit to the judge's, and he soon saw the way matters were drifting. He would sit chatting awhile always after my arrival, and then, like a good old soul, he would steal off to his library or bed, and leave Lizzie and I to ourselves.

bit absent-minded, for several times I caught my-self looking at Lizzie when talking earnestly to the judge; and I also remember that I forgot "that

little matter of the trespass" entirely. Ah! yes; there had been a trespass committed on my pro-

perty, but Lizzie had committed a greater trespass

That was a pleasant time, that courtship of mine. It lasted a year, and seemed like a long dream. Lissie's society was a world to me, and an evening not passed in her company seemed like a blank in my existence. I loved her with all the devotion of my ardent nature, and well I knew that she rened it "measure for measure." Ours was not like the love of two beings who meet by accident, come mutually affected, and from which springs a spontaneous love at first sight. No, it was deeper lier; it was the love of two natures well met.

When I proposed marriage I was not accepted on account of wealth; it was out of pure love, and Lizzie told me so in such a confiding, womarly way that I pressed her to my heart, and—well, I hardly remember how many times I kissed her.

Of course I was aware that the judge would offer no objection to our union, nevertheless it was necessary that I should ask his consent, and this bothered me not a little. Many an off-handed fellow would have settled such a simple affair in a trice, and took it all as a matter of business; but I-ah, well, I had some of my backwardness left. I shall never forget the humorous scene that ensued when I tried to unbosom myself to the judge. Lizzle was in the parlor on my arrival, but she well knew the nature of my errand and stole away. My legal adviser was in one of his best ors, and I immediately went to busing

numors, and I immediately went to business.

"I came down this evening, judge, to—to tell
you that I have, or at least I would like to—to
know if there could by any possibility be a flaw in
the lease you had drawn up for my tenant yester-

"Oh, certainly not, sir; certainly not. One my best clerks drew it up, and I examined myself."

"Well, there is another matter I wish to speak

about—s—how do you find legal business, now, sir? But—a—as I was saying—you know, sir, in the course of human events it often becomes necessary for a man to-to-of course you under-

Perfectly, my dear boy, perfectly."

But that "perfectly" seemed to me as a matter of sound; for in place of saying "God bless you, my soy," and asking which was the happy day, he

kept silence, and I was just a little confused.
"Well, str., you know that affair which must fall to our lot. You understand..."

"Oh, yes, perfectly. You object to a fair being aeld in your lot, and you desire me to—"
"No, no, sir; I was going to ask you for a

"You were about to remark that

"I was going to say—a—"
"Yes, Mr. Dimple—be cool, my boy—you were

going to say—a—"

"Yes, I was going to remark that—
"That you were about to—to—th?"
"Eh? yes, that's it—or I mean—a—

"Ah, my dear friend, that is it exactly. I have coposed to Lizzie, and we await your consent."

I got the terrible words out at last, and the judge ck in his chair and laughed loudly; when he recovered himself and tried to speak he relansed into another fit, and laughed louder and relapsed into another fit, and laughed louder and longer, while I sat looking very sheepish. But the

ear old fellow came to my rescue.
"Not over your backwardness yet, Charley? I lought you had acquired a good deal of assurance by this time, still I suppose you only acted as a great many do in like instances. Quite natural, perhaps, and very like human nature. You wish my consent; you have it, my boy, and always had t. Nay, it gives me pleasure to know that I am consigning Lizzie to your care, and I feel a load weigh me down, Charley, and I might be called away at any moment. Yet I will find it hard to part with her who has been the light of my home so long, but an old man must not be selfish. No no, an old man must not be selfish—take her, and know that you are getting one who has never been spoiled by the affectations of society, and who nows how to make home happy."

The day we appointed for the wedding soon drew near, and as we were sitting chatting in the judge's parlor one evening about two weeks before the day, the judge proposed that, as I might get confused during the performance of the ceremony, he would put us through the marriage form, so as to give me a slight idea as to how I should act. To this we agreed; a servant was called as witness, the various questions put and answered, certificate the various questions put and answered, certificate signed, &c., and the judge pronounced me perfect. The day following I went to New York on business, and returned in three days, bringing with me a handsome piece of white satin for Lizzie's wedding dress. I was unfolding it to her admiring gaze

when the judge came in.
"This is for the dress, sir," said I.

"What dress do you refer to, Charley?"
"Why, for the wedding—when we get married, "No man shall ever marry you to my daughter,

The judge was looking "awfully severe," but I nought I saw a merry twinkle in his eye. "Are you in earnest, sir? Did you not—"
"I am in earnest. You are a married man!"
Oh, the horror of that moment! My dream of

appiness so rudely broken! I was almost chless. Lizzie begged her father to explain. "What is the necessity of an explanation, my dear, when you know that you are a married

Then there was a mingling of masculine groans and feminine screams, and I forgot my "retired

sition," and grew indignant "How dare you, presume, sir," said I, "to

urage my a "There, Charley, my boy," interrupted the judge, his frown giving way to smiles, "pray do not get into a passion. Every word that I said was true. You are both married—to each other. I am justice of the peace, you know, and can take a minister's duties—in the matrimonial way—upon nyself. Excuse a practical joke, my children."

A light broke over me.

"And that mock ceremony was—"
"It was a real ceremony. You both gave your consent to everything, and committed matrimony unwittingly

Lizzie and I looked at each other; to be married four days and know nothing about it was—well, it was too bad; the joke was altogether too practical. But after all I considered myself a lucky dog. Had it not been for "that little affair of th pass" I should never have found my treasure; and judge's way of marrying us saved me, very likely, from having to wade through a sea of blunders. So I took Lizzie home, and soon after that the judge sold his property, and then he and mother and Lizzie and I all lived together at The Willows.

NATCHITOCHES.

NATCHITOCHES takes its name from an Indian NATCHITOCHES takes its name from an Indian tribe that one flourished on the banks of Red river, but who have long since passed away. The French, who succeeded to them, reared their little village amid the pines, on the red clay banks of old Red river, about four miles from the present rail-clogged river. It was a piace of wealth, and had of late years grown to be a place of trade and artivity. As the Catholic Church had selected it as the sent of a bishop to rule over the flock in western Louisiana, this gave it un impulse, too, by adorning it with a eathedral and it an impulse, too, by adorning it with a cathedral and convents, which break the monotony so common in Southern towns, which seem to have none of the steeple-aspiring inclirations of northern villages. The population of the village and parish was, at the commencement of the wir, about 15,000, less than half being freemen. The population of Natchitoches itself was about 3 0:00.

commencement of the war, about 15,000, less than half being freemen. The population of Natchitoches itself was about 3,000.

It was an important place for the rebels, and for it and Shreveport they will make great exertions. Nachitoches was entered by Gen. Banks on March 31st, after a brisk but short skirminh, in which he routed the enemy under Taylon.

Our Ar ist, who entered with Banks's army, sends the faithful sketch which we present.

Crossing Cane River.

We give, moreover, two views by our Special Artist of the crossing of Case river, on the 3ist, by Gen. Lee's cavalry, by fording, and in part by the bridges, which the retreating enemy had not time to descroy completely; and also of the Army of the Gulf, under Gen. Franklin, crossing by bridges and pontons on the same day. The point sketched is about 54 miles above Alexandria.

the sam' day. The point sketched is about 54 miles above Alexandria.

We ga-c last week a sketch of the action at Ormap's hill, which followed, and will give hereafter views, taken on the spot by our Special Artiss, of the terrible engagement which has made Pleasant hill a set also measurement.

THE VIOLETS.

BY JULIE LEONARD.

Down where the river and little brook meet Under a tuft of bright green grass, Hidden away from the wandering feb Of any who chanced to pass, Nestled a knot of violets blue, That bathed in the sun and drank in the dew, And saw in the river their own rare hue Reflected as in a glass.

They bloomed in the sunlight, so warm and gay, And smilingly welcomed each passing sho Tney laughed at the brook as it ran away And past their little bower.

They loved the soft breath of the balmy air, And breathed out a fragrance rich and rare, So subtle it was—and it was not there— In the heart of each sweet flower

No rude hand plucked them from out their place, Away from that cool and shady spot, But the soft wind kissed them with soft embr

To show they were not forgot; And day after day the sweet song of the bird And the cry of the chirruping cricket were heard, And the heart of each blossom with joy was stirred, And blessed its quiet lot.

Which was the Guilty Cousin?

A MONSTEUR DE BOUGAINVILLE, Who committed suicide at the Palais Royal, in August, 1789, in consequence of ruinous losses at play, left an only child, Julie de Bougainville, in a state but little removed from destitution. The young lady was in her seventeenth year; not at all attractive in person; and the only resource left her was to brace the profession of a nun. Though piously enough disposed, she resigned herself with reluc-tance to a life for which she had no vocation; but ultimately, yielding to necessity, she entered an Utrauline convent, near Paris, the regular confessor of which establishment was Father Etienne Lafont, an aged venerable priest, who had from his youth officiated at the church of Nôtre Dame. de Bougainville believed herself to have no relative nearer than a far-off cousin, M. Dupré, a notary in extensive practice, through whose influence she obtained admittance amongst the Ursuline sisterhood. Her father's only brother, Alexis de Bougainville, had emigrated when quite a young man, though a widower, to the Brazils, where he had remarried; but full ten years having elapsed since he was last heard from, he was concluded to be dead. His first wife had a boy-child when he espoused her-Alphonse Bertin, who was now a clerk in the notary's office. His, Alphonse Bertin's, cousin, Eugène Le Gros, the only son of the first Madame Alexis Bougainville's sister, had reached the grade of lieutenant in the 2d of the line. He served with some distinction, in America, under Lafayette. To each of these young men M Alexis de Bougainville had frequently sent presents, though never such costly ones as those he forwarded to his niece Julie. Bertin and Le Gros were both on very friendly terms with Made-moiselle de Bougainville, whom they had accus-tomed themselves to address as "Ma Cousine."

The young Bertin was held in high esteem by L. Dupré; and an acquaintance which he had M. Dupré; formed with a very pretty, very clever, very designing modiste, and daughter of a modiste, Josephine Ramon, gave the notary much uneasiness. He had often, and warmly, expostulated with the infatuated lover, but upon that point Alphonse was obstinate, inflexible, and there appeared no doubt that, sooner or later, he would consummate his folly by marriage. Eugène Le Gros was also an admirer of the fascinating modiste, though not to the extent of desiring to share with her and starve upon his lieutene pay. M. Dupré had always manifested what Alphonse Bertin deemed an unreasonable antipathy towards Le Gros. The notary knew more of the lieutenant than his cousin did.

Such was the state, of things in general, when some twelve months after Julie de Bougainville entered the Ursuline convent, and, of course, many more before it would have been possible for her to take the irrevocable vow, a letter reached M. Dupré, from Brazil, which at once entirely changed the aspect of affairs. It was a communication from a Brazilian lawyer, announcing the death. but a short time previous, of M. Alexis de Bou-gainville. He had died wifeless—childless. Madame Bougainville and their offspring, two girls, had been carried off by fever within a few days of each other. The suddenness of the stroke completely broke down the already failing health of the husband and father, who survived the calamity a few weeks only. He had some time before realised his property, with a view to investment in French or rather European securities, all of which, id fra (\$120,000), was devised by his latest testamentary disposition to Julie de Bougainville, his niece, with the exception of twenty thousand francs (\$4,000), which were to be equally divided between Alphonse Bertin and Eugène Le Gros. Should, however, Julie de Bougainville die without issue, the bequest to her, which must be permanently invested in the French funds, would go to Alphonse Bertin—minus thirty thousand francs to be paid to Eugène Le Gros. And in case of Bertin dying childless, Le Gros would be general and unfettered legatee. The Brazilian lawyer concluded by requesting instructions as to the channel by which the legacy should be transmitted to Paris, &c.

Over this letter M. Dupré must have pondered long and anxiously; since, according to his own worn testimony, it was not till a week after receiving it that he disclosed the important intelligence to Alphonse Bertin, and to Alphonse Bertin anly. To neither Julie de Bougainville nor to Le Gros did he let fall a hint of the matter.

The notary, as already stated, felt a strong affection for Alphonse—could scarcely have loved him better had he been his own son; and he finally determined upon a scheme for breaking off the young man's connection with Josephine Ramon, and marrying him to Mademoiselle de Bougainville. A nference with his protegé resulted in a prom ise on the part of Alphonse to give up the modision and marry Julie de Bougainville, who was to be kept in ignorance of the bequest till some time after wedlock. At first it was settled that, as Julie de Bougainville had only taken the white veil, M. Dupré should take the necessary steps for with-drawing her from the convent, and she consenting, no doubt seems to have been entertained celebrate the marriage openly. Two or three hours afterwards Alphonse Bertin, who, meanwhile, had seen Josephine, objected to such hasty proceed-He himself required time for reflect a fortnight. Finding the young man had taken his resolution, the notary yielded, and advanced him a considerable sum of money; soon after re-ceiving which, Bertin, "who was much flurried ceiving which, Bertin, "who was much flurried and excited," quitted the house. A few lines, traced in penda epon a scrap of paper and left upon a table in his bedroom, apprised M. Dupré that he should not return till the fortnight's grace agreed upon had expired.

I'wo days after that period had elapsed Alph returned to the notary's late at night, on foot, and in a very strange condition; his clothes were torn and soiled, his face scratched and bloody. He was much agitated—said, in a confused, incoherent manner, that he had been assaulted and robbed by a woman and a man. He could describe neither of them; and upon being asked where, or near where, the assault and robbery had taken place, replied

after a hesitating pause :
"Near, or at least about a quarter of a lesgue from a cabaret called Le Lion d'Or, where I passed

the evening."

the evening."

The next morning he informed the notary that
he had finally decided upon marrying Mademoiselle
de Bougainville, and it would be well that the affair
should be put in train at once, lest he might change M. Dupré, much pleased, declared his mind. M. Dupié, much pleased, declared he would set off for the Ursuline Convent within an hour at latest. When the notary was about to de-part the vacillating young man solicited a short delay, and being refused, for M. Dupié would be trifled with no longer, he turned pale as paper (pile comme du papier), and but for a glass of brandy given him by the concierge would, the concierge thought, have fainted outright. I should have before stated that Alphonse Bertin was a young man of an unusually sensitive, excitable erament.

M. Dupré's cabriolet was not long in conveying him to the Ursuline Convent. The porter at the gate, one Jules Bart, who looked like a vici'le moustache that had once belonged to a regiment re-cruited exclusively from the ranks of the ruffiancy of Paris, received him with an impudent grin, and the remark, in an undertone, as M. Dupré passes on, that the mother superior would hear news of her stray lamb sooner than she expected.

Utterly confounding news greeted M. Dupré from the severe lips of the mother superior. Mademoiselle Julie de Bougainville-Sister Marie Agneshad surreptitioualy left the convent the previous evening, and had not since been heard of. A mes-senger was at that moment on the way to inform notary of his ward's inexplicable, disgraceful

Those words were scarcely uttered when a c missary of gendarmes was announced, and entered

"Our search," said he, in a sad, feeling tone "has been successful—too successful. We found the dead body of Mademoiselle de Bougainville in a wet ditch, about a mile away. She has been cruelly murdered. Upon the unfortunate's person," continued the officer, consternation and horror holding his auditors dumb-"upon the unfor rer nothing his auditors dumb—"upon the unfor-tunate's person I found this paper; and near the spot this newly-torn-off fragment of cloth. They may assist in tracing the assassin. Your name," added the officer, addressing M. Dupré, "is men-tioned in the paper."

"My name!" Your name. I may not part with the note for an instant; but I will read it to you. The hand is evidently a disguised one:

"MADEMOISELLE DE BOUGAINVILLE—You are intended to be the victim of an in'amous plot, arranged and the chief parts filled up by the mother superior, the notary Dupré, and his favorite, Alphonse Bertim. The object is to secure and divide amongst them an immense fortune bequeathed to you by M. Alexis de Bougainville, your not long since deceased uncle. According to the terms of the will, you will forfeit the bequest should you ever become a professed num—your uncle, though you may not be aware of it, having a rooted aversion to conventual institutions. The money—nearly a milliom—then goes to Alphonse Bertim. He has sareed to divide it equally with the mother superior (who, through some indiscretion, got scent of the secret) and the notary Dupré. It has been only by a providential chance that I have discovered it. I, you know, was a friend of your father, and I will "MADEMOISELLE DE BOUGAINVILLE-You ar secret) and the notary Dupré. It has been only by a providential chance that I have discovered it. I, you know, was a friend of your father, and I will see justice done to his daughter. Come to me this evening. You know the way to the Château d'Aix. It is long and solitary, but you will see a man in a green blouse, and wearing a glased round hat, before you have come far. He will safely escort you. Say not one word to a living soul; I will acquaint you with cogent reasons why you must not, till you are safe with me; act openly.

"MARIE COULANGES."

"The infamous calumniator! the vile assassin! the lying impostor!" exclaimed the mother superior. "Madame Coulanges died more than a month since, and the Château d'Aix is untenanted. That, however, was not likely to be known here."

"True," said the commissary; "and the hand-writing, though, as I have said, disguised, is evidently that of a man. Don't you think so, M. Dupié? And this fragment of cloth has been evidently torn from a man's coat; the color is a pecu-

"Great God!" exclaimed the notary with a shud der. "Alphonse Bertin is the murd

The commissary and his aids did not find Alphonse Bertin at the notary's. He went out, the concierge said, soon after M. Dupré, and had not eturned. But they found the young man's soiled and torn coat, from which the piece of cloth found near the corpse had unquestionably been This proof of Bertin's guilt seemed on rent. irrefragable.

A few hours later he was discovered in a state of emi-intoxication, at a low cabaret in the Faubourg

Saint Marcel, seized and presently lodged in prisor The trial was a mere formality. The accused who at first had declared, in reply to the interrogatories of the judges, that he had not mentioned M Alexis de Bougainville's legacy or legacies to any one, subsequently declared that he had to Josephine Ramon, to whom he was madly attached, in the hope that she would consent to share the wealth as his mistress, which he could only obtain by espous ing Mademoiselle de Bougainville. He also stoutly averred that it was in compliance with a message delivered by a person unknown to him, and said by that person to be from Mademoiselle Ramon, the he had gone to the place where he was assaulted and robbed, expecting to find her there. He also strenuously denied all knowledge of the letter found upon the murdered girl's person, or that he was the person who bribed Jules Bart, the porter at the convent, to deliver any letter or message to Mademoi selle de Bougainville. All these assertions wer flatly contradicted. Josephine Ramon swore that d never spoken to her of M. de Bougainville's legacy, though he had importuned her with improper overtures, which had led to a violent quarre between them. As to her having sent him a mes sage to meet her on the evening the murder was committed, that was a pure invention. Not only the experts, but M Dupré himself, reluctantly gave his opinion that the note purporting to be signed by Marie Coulanges was in the handwriting, anx iously disguised, of the accused, and Jules Barround y swore that he was the man calling himself Monsieur Maillard, who gave him two louis-d'or privately to place a note in Mademoiselle de Bouainville's hand. He had once before seen th prisoner, and heard his name mentioned, and consequently knew, though the accused suspected it not, that M. Maillard was M. Bertin. Finally, the prisoner was convicted of homicide with premedita tion, and sentenced to be guillotined.

Father Etienne Lafont, confessor of the Ursuling Convent, was a very anxious auditor of the trid He had been heard to express a very decided opin ion that the handwriting of the letter subscribed Marie Coulanges was not the handwriting of Alphonse Bertia, but a clumsy imitation of it. Not however, being an expert, he was not allowed to give that opinion upon oath in open court. He had give that opinion upon oath in open court. He had also declared (hautement) that he did not attach the slightest value to the evidence of either Jose phine Ramon or Jules Bart-knowing both of them After the condemnation of the as he did well. prisoner, he, at his own instance, had several in erviews in his character of priest, with Bertin which strengthened his conviction of the unfortun ate man's innocence. Lafont had intimate relations with several highly influential personages and it was to his unweared importuni y that a com mutation of the sentence was at length obtained the galleys for life being substituted for death or the scaffold. Eugène Le Gros, who was reported to have been absent at Amiens at the time of the murder—reported only to have been there—eagerly supported, as did M. Dupré, M. Lafont's efforts to save his cousin's life. This did not involve any great sacrifice on his part; the civil death of Bertin sufficed to entitle the lieutenant to M. Alexis Bou gainville's wealth.

The Bertin-Bougainville affair was fast dying out of public memory when it was revived by the marriage of Eugène Le Gros with Josephine Ramon. So strange a union excited much re and especially gave color and consistence to the vague suspicions which, since the trial, had haunted Lafont. He was bold enough, imprudent enough if you will, to endeavor to induce the public ecutor to resift the whole of the circumsta This, however, was refused, but the attempt, an and the offensive reasoning by which it wa ported, must have greatly exasperated Ruge Le Gros and his wife. Father Lafont was quite aware that he had made a mortal enemy of the purvenu modiste and her uxorious bushand, and several times remarked to his friends that he felt sure he was watched whenever he left the church, especially when on his way to or from the Ursuline Convent, where, strange to say, at his carnest solicitation, Jules Bart still officiated as porter. The man was dying by inches of some internal complaint which of late had rapidly developed, and Lafont was anxious not to lose sight of him, in the hope that the close approach of death might terrify him into making a revelation that would be serviceable to Alphonse Bertin. The man, however, lingered on, making no sign, much longer than had been declared possible by

the medical attendant. At last the summons came, and Jules Bart was told that, internal mortification having taken place, he had but a few hours at the most to live. The terrified wretch frantically entreated the mother superior to instantly send for Father Lafont. This was done, and Jules Bart expired in a few moments after having made his confession. Lafont, who appeared to be strangely agitated when leaving the death-chamber, spoke a few hurried words to the mother superior, the purport of which was, that the departed sinner had made important disclosures-not under the seal of confession, which in fulfilment of the moribund's own request, he

should communicate without delay to the criminal authorities. Bart had also warned him that he

was constantly watched, and that as soon as the employers of those who dogged his steps knew,

which they soon would, that he had been with him (Bart) in his last moments, the priest's life would e in imminent danger. Father Lafont said he be in imminent anger. Father Latont said he believed that to be true, and he would therefore hasten at once back to Paris, so as to reach it before evening had quite closed in. The good father then left, walking at his fastest pace. I may here add, it was discovered that Jules Bart or whatever his real name might be, was an escape felon—the letters T. F. being branded on his shoulder. The fact was known by the surgeon before Lafont was sent for, and Bart, perceiving his secret was discovered, muttered a malediction upon Eugène somebody—the surname was not caught by the hearer—who knew that too, and

long ago.

Father Lafont never returned to the cathedral of Notre Dame. Rigorous inquiries were instituted, but without any result: no trace of him could be found. The Revolution was fast lashing tiself into frenzy of rage, especially against priests, and it was thought probable that he had been massacred in the streets, as on the same evening two other persons were. The objection to that urmise was that the body could not be found.

Another year rolled away; the population of aris was drunk with blood, and amidst those who, from some cause or no cause at all, were trung up à la lanterne, was M. Eugène Le Gros His wife was seized at the same moment, and would have shared his fate, but that she was recognised by an influential ruffian, and declared by him to be, instead of a bloated aristocrate, a hard-working modiste, one of themselves. She was released, and reached home in safety, but never recovered the shock sustained by her nervous system—never afterwards left the house. She survived the fall of Robespierre a few months, but for long previous to death her mind was completely shattered by horrible fantasies, to which in her sleeping and waking dreams she often gave shricking utterance. Those distempered ravings were tributed by the physician that attended h who knew nothing of her antecedents, solely to the effect of extreme nervous terror; her talk-der murders, and similar pleasant topics—to a notion possessing her at such times that she was still struggling with the sanguinary ruffians from whom she had once so narrowly escaped.

Shortly before her death, and when it was evident to Dr. Petit that the end was very close at hand, that gentleman bethought him that the ministrations of a priest, tacitly permitted by the rulers who had succeeded Robespierre might help to calm her troubled spirit. "I accordingly," states
Dr. Petit, "asked my friend the Abbé Delmar,
who, as it chanced, had once lodged at Madame Ramon's for a short time. He perfectly remem bered the handsome, sprightly Josephine, but having been several years absent from Paris, had never heard of her marriage. He was consequently much surprised to find that the mistress of the mansion to which I conducted him was Madame Ramon's daughter.

"Madame Le Gros was dozing," said Dr. Petit, when I and the abbé entered the spartment where she lay reclined upon a luxurious couch The abbé was not in clerical costume, in order that she might be informed I had taken the liberty to bring a priest to speak with her gently, tenderly. It was not long before she opened her eyes awaking in much calmer mood toan usual. He clance first rested upon me, and a faint, sad smile flickered across her pale, wasted features. Pre-sently she noticed the abbé, and a slight scream escaped her; and helf rising from the couch, she escaped her; and helf rising from the couch, she gazed with intense earnestness in his face, whilst muttering to herself, 'I know—I remember—the Abbé Delmar—the good Abbé Delmar. That was in the happy time—long—long for ever passed. Hark!' she suddendly exclaimed, breaking off abruptly, 'Hark! he is coming upstairs. You hear his stealthy step. Save me, save me! You are a priest also. Drive him away!' she added, falling back, shaking in every limb with terror. falling back, shaking in every limb with terror, burying her face in one of the pillows. This fancy of some one ascending the stairs to drag her away was a frequent one, and when I happened to be present I always humored her by going outside the door, and peremptorily forbidding the intruder's approach. I did so upon the present occasion. Merci! Merci!' gasped the wretched woman. He is going back. But he will come again when ou are gone. Ah!' she continued, speaking wi h wild eagerness, 'you, the good abbé are a priest, and could sprinkle the dark, damp grave with holy water, so that he could never come out of it again. Go, go, at once! Not you—only the priest; you stay with me. Go—the cellar, that farthest off. Ah, the door is strongly barred; yet he can pass through; and why not you? Go, go, go!

"The abbé at a sign from me left the room, as i to comply with her behest. She sat listening intently for a while; but before he returned dozed off sgain, and, summoning her attendant, we left. That night she died.

her that some one was coming upstairs, always out of the cellar, to drag her away, struck me as so very odd that I at once asked the servant if there was a strongly-secured barred-up cellar. She said I mentioned the reply to the abbé, and there was. he, who had quickly ferreted out all about the De Bougainville tragedy, spoke of it to a commissary of police, that functionary to the officer of gendarmes who discovered the corpse of the murdered Julie, and who of course knew all about the mysterious disappearance of Father Lafont, with whose opinion of M. and Mme. Le Gros he moreover well acquainted. The sealous officer broke his way into the cellar, found it empty, and set his men to work digging up the floor. A grave was found in which a human being, an aged man, had been buried. Quicklime had been thrown upon the corpse, which was probably interred in a naked

state, and only a few hones were left!
"The neut of kin to Eugène and Madame Le

Gres divided amongst themselves the large sum which had been invested in the names of the wife as well as the husband, and threatened with the penalties of the law any and every one who should dare question the perfect innocence of their deceased relatives. As to Alphonse Bertin, to convince the Directory or the Consuls that the conviction in his case was wrong proved to be impossible. Probably neither of those exalted personages ever took the trouble of giving the memorials upon the subject forwarded to their mightinesses a conscientious, careful perusal. However that may have been, one thing is sure; Alphonse Bertin escaped from the Bagne, and ultimately from France, during the last year of the Consulate, and, I suppose, sought refuge and peace in the New World."

GOLD IN NEW YORK.

THE rise and fall of gold during the war THE rise and fall of gold during the war has been a problem, and to enable some future investigator to study the reasons and causes, as anterprising man has got up a chart like a meteorological table, showing its variations. A table closely ruled with straight lines, and one single line—evidently not under the influence of sobriety—making a queer zigzag across, is not a very attractive picture. We chronicle the gold fever in our way, by giving illustrations of scenes on the street this week. Never had speculation run ript as it has lately done.

Gold had been for cod up. up. But there came a

lation run riot as it has lately done.
Gold had been forced up, up, up. But there cams a crash. The precious metal which had reached the perilous height of 169, came down to 171, and on its fall drapged down stocks, real and fancy, spreading dismay in Wall street and filling it with lame ducks. House after house suspended Toe speculation wavered, all was eagerness and excitement. Our Arist sketched the scene of confusion on Excharge place, the bidding, the offers of men in the street, on wagons, from windows; the financial storm on the surface not ruffling yet the ocean depths of the Brokers' Board, hermetically scaled from the prying eyes of the outside werld.

ruffling yet the ocean depths of the Brokers' Board, hermeitealty scaled from the prying eyes of the outside world.

How completely the spirit of speculation has invaded all classes, may be seen in the fact that lastics have been the whidest speculators. A coterie actually met daily in one of our hotels, to discuis the stock market and make their purchases through some young brokers who attended regularly for the purpose. The ardor with which the fair wives and daughters of wealthy merchants embarked in the perilous traffic was ch-racteristic, and more than one case of absolute ruin is known.

In the measurable a new fever arcse among merchants. To secure the gold co-tificates issued by Government, crowds pres ed to the Treasury building. The impatient seekers formed a lorg queue which extended for blocks. Men taid all night to secure an early place. Others sught to buy; some who had secured places for the purpose sold out, making a fair day's work.

Uur sketches show not only the building and those seemes, but the consequences. The miser, the gold gambier in lack, the ruised man, the closed bankse's, with the divine's reproving glance at all the vanity.

WEIGHING ARMY RATIONS.

Army rations! In all the reports of ARMY rations! In all the reports of armics, campaig, s, marches and siges, do our readers often reflect on the hard fare to which, for three years and more, over a million of man have been reduced?—the hard biscuit, the sait meat, weighed out with serupalous fidelity, as though too precious to be wasted. See the picture, true to life and carefully studied, which we give to-day from our Artist with the Army of the Potomas, whose merit the country will hereafter appreciate. There is nothing very delicate or recherché in the ford ensemble, nothing very allaring or asjecting. Yet it is life, and as such will well repay the study and breed reflection.

THE U. S. 10 40 LOAN.—Instructions to the National Banks acting as loan agents were not issued from the Treasury as Washington until March 20th. The banks did not generally begin to resive subscriptious until one week later, and in distant parts of the country have yet hardly begun to work, but the subscriptious reported by mail to the Treasury up to April 22d, amounts to over \$31,000,00, and the sum setually sub orload but not yet reported at that date is much greater. The attempts of interested parties to come it the Secretary of the Treasury to raise the rate of interest on this loan have signally faued. The experience of the last few werks gives us every reason to believe that all the money the Treasury desires to borrow, can be obtained for five per cent. interest in gold.

BROOKS'S PATENT WRITING, WORK AND TOILET CASE COMBINED.—This is what has long been wanted, and Brooks has managed to put move into a small compass than any one of the time. It is light, compact and elegent, and contains all that is necessary for a soldier and traveller, as well as being vory useful, as houserold. For all who live in country villages it is invaluable.

ONCE upon a time there dwelt in the village of L — a fellow who was known as old Pete. He was noted for knowing everything that happened be

was noted for throwing everything that happened before any one else.

One day being in the willage tavern—a favorite resort with him, for he could always find some one there to listen to his big yarus—a gentleman there spoke of a hydraulic ram that he saw in the city.

"What in thunder is that?" asked an old man who

"What in thunder is tast" asked an old man who was present.

Now was the time for old Pete; so, drawing himself up, and assuming an air of importance, he said:

"Why, didn't you ever see one of 'em bigh drawlick rams? Why, down South, where I was several years ago, they don't raise any other kind; and I've see n'em so big that they'd shear forty pounds of wool!"

An Irishman, who had borrowed some copy of Lawyer L-, of our village, came one day

Aw Irishman, who had borrowed some money of Lawyer L.—, of our village, came one day to his office to pay it. After it was paid he wanted the lawyer to give him a receipt for it.

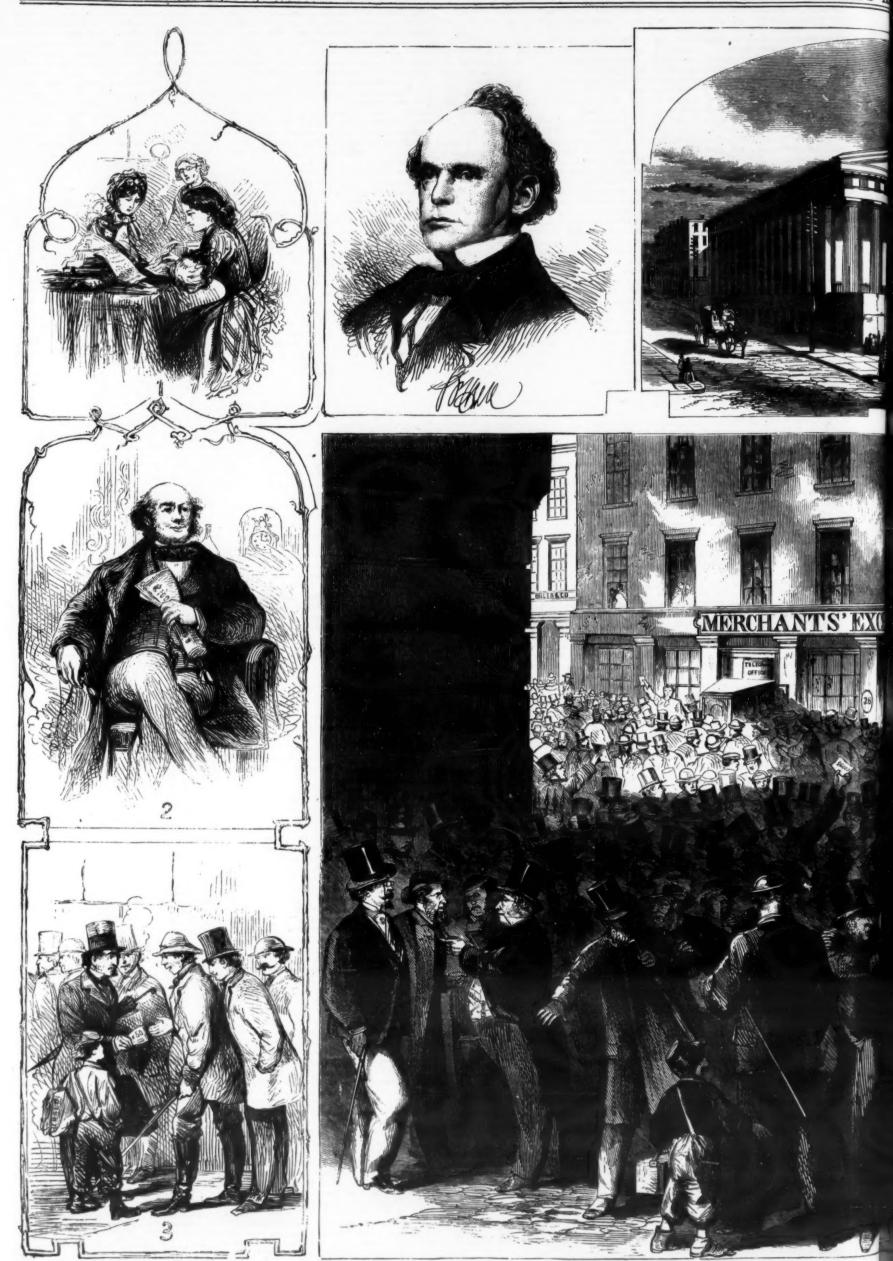
"What do you want with a receipt i?" said L.—, who wished to have some fan with Pat, as the office was filled with loungers.

"Why," said Pat, "ye see that whin I die, an' go up to Hivin and knocks at the gate, and one of the howly argifs comes and opius the gate, and see, "Who's there? I'll say, 'Pat Murphy, plase yer riverence.' Then he'll want to know if I'm an hone st man, I li tell him t: be sure i am. Then he'll want to know if I'm an eart to know if I're paid ould Lawyer L.—, and I'll tell him I have. Then he'll want to see the r sa'e; and if I don't have it with me. I'll have to go back an i phice all over hell to lit dye.'

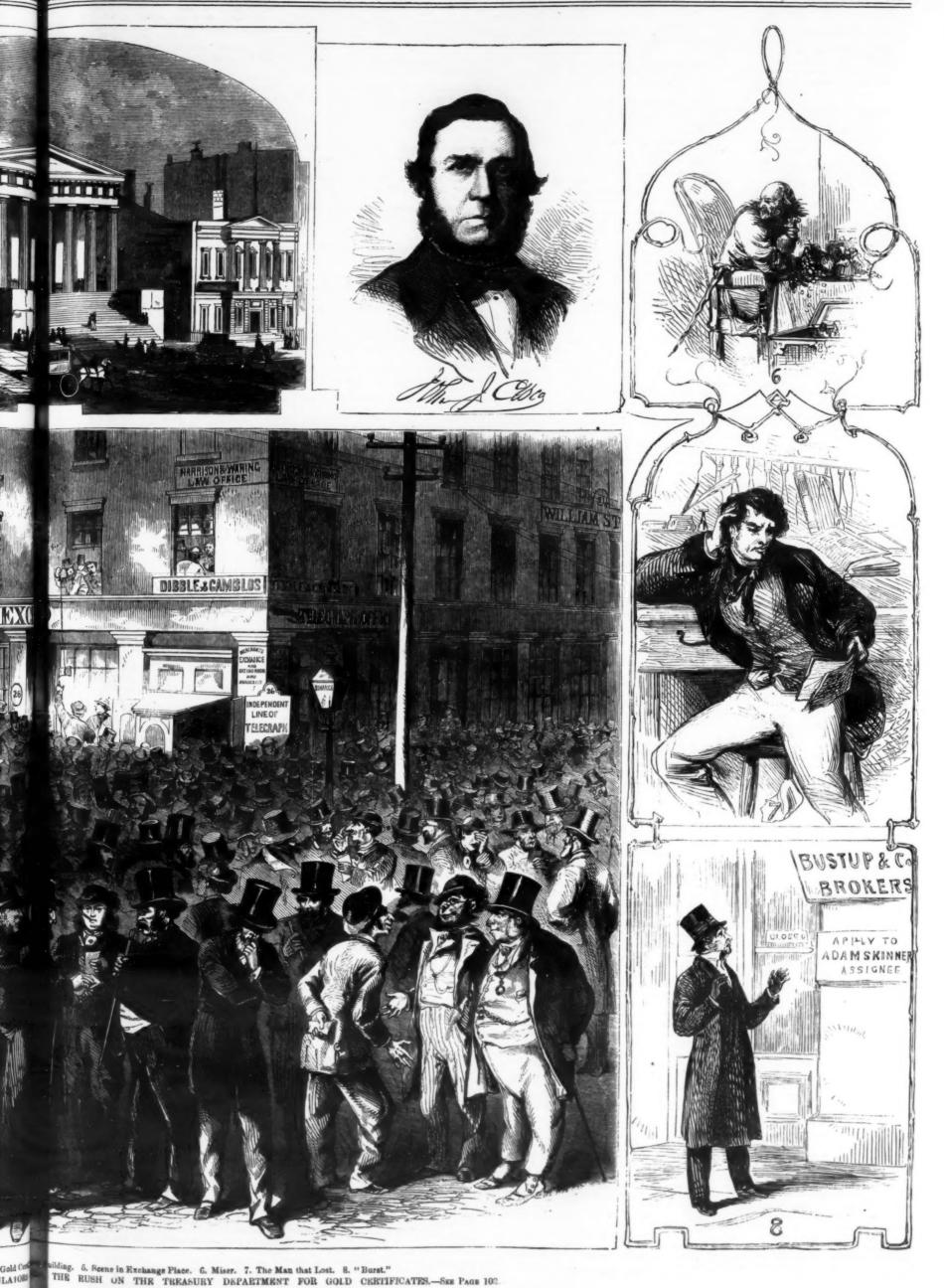
The 'ress'e' was given as soon as the laughter sabeided.

"A FROG." Saya Professor December 1.

"A FBOG," says Professor Bump, "is an amphionur animal, what lieaers on cold water, and consequently invested the testotal society. He always walks with a jump, he does; and when he sits down has to stand up. Being a lover of native melofies, he gives free concerts every night, he does, himself. He perwides music of the million, which has been so called because it usually is heard in a millional. He is a warmint what ain't se bad when breafed on a gestirou."



1. Lady Speculators in Session. 2. Sold to a Profit. 3. Selling a Place in the Line for Gold Col. THE GOLD FEVER IN NEW YORK—THE EXCITEMENT AMONG THE SPECULAION



uilding. 5. Scene in Exchange Place. 6. Miser. 7. The Man that Lost. 8. "Burst."

THE RUSH ON THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT FOR GOLD CERTIFICATES.—SEE PAGE 103.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS."

BY GRACE DE LA VERITE.

MEASURING time by agony! Quivering, pi-roed humanity! None to seethe me when I weep, Ner one hour of vigil keep; No. net one!

Measuring time by agony ! Chilling looks are cast on me; None to touch my aching brow, Loving words to whisper low;

Measuring time by agony! Agony for harmony!
None to chide me when I grieve,
Nor the light with dark to weave; No, not one

Measuring time by agony Why unfold my misery? None but strangers pass this way, None who care with me to stay;

Measuring time by ageny! Look, O Jesus! where I lie! Day is turned to night for me, Sun, nor moon, nor star I see; No, not one

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER XXX .- CONTINUED.

THE pair of sable retainers went on with their conversation, totally unconscious of the listener they had had, and when the interest connected with that subject bad culminated diverging to theme more intimately connected with their own affairs.

One of the chief desires of 'Dolph's soul was to find out exactly how much money the bank but he had never been able, with all his arts, to bring her to that point of confidence when she would make him a partner in that dearest secre

The other servants and her friends in the neigh borhood gave very contradictory accounts cone ing the amount, and Victoria openly avowed her belief that-

" De whole ting was just gammon-didn't 'blisve she had no money nowhar—she know'd she was so old that it was her only chance of ketchin' a beau, so she tried it on.'

But 'Dolph was too wise to be influenced by Vic-toria's sneers, and he had lately become convinced that the sum was a larger one than he had at first supposed. In that case 'Dolph felt the extreme folly of allowing his fancy to stand in the way of his interest. Already he had incurred Clorinda's serious displeasure by his behavior on different oc casions; it had required a vast amount of eloquence to reconcile matters after his indiscretion w strange young woman at old Mother Hopkins's, and his flirtations with Victoria were a constant of contention between them

Dolph felt certain that if he only came directly to the point and made Clorinda a bona-fide offer of his hand with his heart in it, she would melt like honey candy in the sun, but it required a good deal of resolution to make up his mind to that step.

Clorinda was not prepossessing in her appear ance, that her most partial friends would have been forced to admit; probably even in her youth she might have passed for as ugly a young darkey as could easily have been found, and now that years and avarice and a not very patient temper had worn their furrows in her face, it really required all the glitter of her reported wealth to make her endurable in 'Dolph's mercenary eyes.

Then her color and her friszed locks at which

Victoria sneered so openly—that was a tender point with 'Dolph—he had the true contempt for the jetty hue which one is certain to find among those of his broase complexion.

'Dolph stood there looking at Clorinda and re volving all those things in his mind, while she washed away at her vegetables and made herself busy as possible at the kitchen dressers.

life is full of mysteriousness, Miss Clo

rindy," he said in a meditative tone.

Clorinda snipped off the tops from the carrots she was preparing for her soup and assented.

"Dar ain't much wuth livin' for," she said

gloomily.
'Dolph was fright-ped at once; when Clo go

into one of her desponding humors she became ver religious without delay; unless he could get her of that tack he would most certainly be or to Methodist hymns and a prayer-meeting that very "Don't say dat, fair Miss Clerindy, new den't!

he exclaimed, pathetically. "You's de light ob too many eyes for sich renumerations—de luminary dat lights der hearts as de sun does de sky at noon

day."
Clorinda simpered; with all her firmness and numerous other grim virtues, she was a thorough woman at heart, and never could withstand flattery thus adroitly administered.

"Go long with your posty nonsense," said she, giving a coquettish toes to her head that made the little frizzed knobs below her gorgeous bandanna flutter about as if suddenly electrified. "Go 'way wid sich, I say.

"Don't call it nonsense, sweet Miss Clorindy." urged 'Dolph, in a more insinuating tone; "when a german disposes the tenderest feelins' of his bussom at your feet, don't jist at 'em.'

To be called by such endearing spithets in two consecutive sentences softened Clorinda greatly; this time something uncommon must be coming—Tolph centainly was in carnest.

"I don't see nothin' at my feet," said she, with

"Yes, yer does, Miss Clorindy," pleaded 'Dolph;
"yes, yer does—now don't deny it."
"La!" said Clorinda, with another giggle full of

delightful flurry, "you men is so confusin."
"I don't mean to be confusin', Miss Clorindy," said 'Dolph; "it's far from my wisheswid you.

id you."

There was a tender emphasis on the concluding pronoun which quite upset Clorinda. She allowed the carrots to fall back in the pan of water, and seated herself on a stool near by—if anything serious was coming she would receive it with the dig-nity she considered befitting the occasion. Artful 'Dolph, profound in his knowledge of the

sex, read her thoughts without the slightest diffi-culty, and his vanity chuckled inwardly to see how impossible it was for any female heart to resist his Still he was in a condition of great perplexity; he had no intention of committing himhe had learned the exact price Clorinds could pay for the sasrifice he was prepared to make of his youth and good-looks. On the other hand, he was sorely puzzled how to acquire the information he desired without laying his heart at her feet; he had tried various plans and they had all signally failed; in that respect Clorinda was astute enough to be fully his match.

But he must say something; in a moment more Clorinda might flounce off in one of her tempers, and 'Dolph could not afford to lose time in misun derstandings, particularly as he had lately discovered that the sable parson whose meetings she attended was becoming quite devoted in his atten-

"Ah! Miss Clorindy," said he, "de sect is all

resemblous in one leetle particlar."
"What do yer mean?" inquired Clo, in a lan guishing way, which she thought becoming in response to the tenderness of his voice.

"In yer cruelty," said 'Dolph, "ver cruelty.

"Laws, nobody ebber said I was cruel," returned the matter-of-fact Clo. "I wrings de necks o' de chickens and skins de eels alive, 'cause it's a cook's lookout, but I hain't got a speek of cruelty

'Dolph shook his head, then dropped it on on side with an air which he had found very killing in

former flirtations, and replied: "In course ye'll deny it-it's de way ob de sect, but de fact is dar."

"I don' know what yer mean," said Clorinda, beginning to resume a little of her usual rigidity; yer ain't a talkin' Spanish now, it's jist a

"I alludes to de coquettations in which you all indulge. "I don't," said Clo; "I leaves all sich foolish

nesses to silly things like dat Vic—I hain't no patience wid 'em."

"Oh! Miss Clorindy, Miss Clorindy!"

"Dat's my name, fast 'nuff; yer needn't ge shouting it out dat aways." hen I'se seed wid my own eyes," said

'Dolph. What has yer seen? Jis' 'tiolarise-I hate

beatin' round de bush." Clo began to simper again; she really believed that 'Dolph was getting jealous; the bare idea filled her with a delicious thrill—triumphs of that sert were sufficiently rare in her experience to be ex

ceedingly precious.
"But I don' know what yer mean," she went on

"no more'n de man in de moon."
"Dar it is!" said 'Dolph. "Why, I b'lieves
dat ar's de only reason de sect looks at de moon, cause dar's a man in it."

"Oh, he's too far off," returned Clo, with a pro nged chuckle at her own wit; "too far off by long shot."

"Bery good," said 'Dolph, "bery good indeed!
Yer's in fine spirits to-day, Miss Clorindy."
Here he sighed dolefully.
"Wal," said Clo, "if I be, 'taint no reason for

you to be gwaning like a steam engine."
"Oh, yes it is," replied 'Dolph.
He certainly was in earnest this time—Clo felt

assured of that. She forgot the half-washed vege-tables, the unseasoned soup, and still tried to look

ore bewitching in his eyes.
"I don' see why," she said, in sweet confusion "But any how yer didn't prove nothin' bout my

"Dar it is!" eried 'Dolph. "It all goes togeder.

"Oh, laws," cried Clo, lightly, "as ef dat as would set you a sighia'; I knows a heap better'n dat, Mister 'Dolph.'

Yer don't do me justice, Clorindy," said

'Dolph, seriously, putting on an injured look;
"yer neber has done me justice."
"Why, what have I done now?" demanded Clo, beginning to play with her apron string.

Yer knows. lph, prolonging situation as much as possible, in the hope that some bright thought would strike him by which the conversation might be led round to the subject uppermost in his worldly mind; "yer knows very

"Why, yer's making me out quite a monster," said Clo

"No, Miss Clorindy, no; don't say dem keerless tings-don't! I ain't a makin' you nothin', only de most charmin' and de most cruel of yer sect." If Clo did not blush it was only because nature had deprived her of the dangerous privilege, but she fell into a state of sweet confusion that was truly

beautiful to behold.
"Dar ye go agin," said she; "now quit a callin"

me cruel, or else say why?" "Dida't I see you a Sunday evenin' ?" said 'Dolph.

"In course ye did; we was to Mrs. Hopkins's arter de mestin'."

"And wasu't Elder Spott dar, too?"

"In course he was; yer knows it well enough."
"I knows it too well," said Dolph, in a tragic

"Law sakes, what has he done to you. Mr. Doiph?

"Dar's whar de coquettations comes in," tinued 'Dolph; "dat's jis' de subjec' I'm 'proschin'

"Me!" cried Clo, in delightful innocence "Laws, I didn't know yer even looked at me; I cought ye was fascinated wid dat Vic."

"I'se neber too busy to reserve you, Miss Clorindy," said Dolph; "wherever I may be,

whatever my ookipation, I'se eyes fur you."
"Oh, laws!" sighed Clo. "Oh, lawsy me!"
"And I seed you," pursued 'Dolph; "I seed de elder a bending over ye, a whisperin' in yer ear."
"Oh, git out!" cried Clo. "He didn't do no sich." "Oh, yes, he did, Miss Clorindy; dese eyes seen

"Wal, he was a axin' me if I was gwine to come to meetin' more reg'lar dan I had ob late."
"It took him a great while to ax," said 'Dolph,

in the same gloomy tone.

Clo laughed a little chuckling laugh.

"He's a bery pleasant man, de elder," said "bery pleasant."

"Dey say he wants a wife," observed 'Dolph.
"Do dey! Mebby he do; I ain't in his secrets." "But yer will be, Clorindy, yer will be."
"Me! Tain't no ways likely; don'

shall. "Oh, yes, yer will," insisted 'Dolph.

He was serious, and Clo began to grow dissy at the thought of so many conquests crowding upon

er.
"I jis' b'lieve he's a sarpint in disguise," said Doln , with great energy; of old he ones.

"Laws, Mr. 'Dolph, don't say sich things; he's quite a shinin' light in de sanctuary, I'se certain."
"It's a light I'd like to squinch," cried 'Dolph "and if he pokes himself into my moonshine I'll

Clo gave a shrill squeal, and caught his arm, if she feared that he was going to rush forth in search of the elder, and put his menace into instant

"Don't kick up a muss wid him," she pleaded why should yer?

"It 'pends on yer, Miss Clorindy."

"Laws, how?" "Yer know; de 'couragement yer've ben a givin' him is 'nuff to drive yer admirers out o' der

"Oh, dear me, I neber heerd sich nonsense! said CI

"It's true," answered 'Dolph, "an' yer knows it But ye're received in dat man, Miss Clorindy, yes He's got both eyes fixed on de glitterin' dross heard him talk 'bout de fortin yer had, an how it wud set a pusson up, an' what good he might do wid it 'mong de heathen."

Clo gave another scream, but this time it was ery of indignation and wrath.

"Spend my money 'mong de heathen!" she ied. "I'd like to see him do it! comes 'bout me cried. I'll pull his old wool fur him, I will."

'Dolph smiled at the success of his falseho and made ready to clinch the nail after driving it

"Dat's what he tinks anyhow. Why, Miss Clorindy, he was a tryin' to find out jist how much yer was wuth."

"Taint nobody's business but my own," cried Clo, angrily, "folks needn't be a pumpin' me; 'taint no use.

"Jis' what I've allers said," remarked 'Dolph with great earnestness; "sich secrets, says I, is

Miss Clorindy's own."
"Yes, dey be," said Clo, holding on to the sides
of her stool as tightly as if it had been the box

which contained her treasures. "I've said sometimes," continued Dolph, "dat re said sometimes, continued Dopp, "dat if de day shud eber come when dat parathon ob her sex made up her mind to gib her lubly hand to some true bussom dat lobed her, she'd probably whisper musical in his ear de secret she has kept from all de wuld."

Clo was divided between the tenderness awaken ed by his words and the vigilance with which she always guarded the outposts leading to her che-

"Ain't dat sense, Miss Clorindy?" he da-

"I hain't said it warn't." she replied.

"Dis wuld is full of mercenary men," 'Dolph went on, "searchin' for de filty lucre; I'se glad I ebber was one ob dem. I allers has 'sp dross; gib me lobe, I says, and peace wid de fair one ob my choice, and I asks no more

Cto played with her apron string again, and looked modestly down; he was going to speak

next without committing himself more deeply than he desired; indeed, he had been led on now con-siderably farther than he could wish, but that was unavoidable.

"Not but what fortins is desirous," he said, "cause in dis world people must lib."

Clo assented gently to that self-evident proposition.

"Do yer know what I'se often tought, Miss Clorindy?" said 'Dolph, seizing on a new tack. "'Spect I don't," said Clo. "I'se wished many a time, more lately 'n I used

to, dat I could take some fair cretur I lobed to heart, an' dat 'tween us we had money 'nuff to start a restauration or sometin' of dat sort." Clo sniffed a little.

"In dem places de wuk all comes on de woman," said she.

Dolph was quite aware of that fact; it was the one thing which made him contemplate the idea

"Oh, not at all," he said, "de cookin's a trifle; tink ob de 'counts; my head's good at figures."
"Dey kind o' pussles me," Clo confided to him

softly.
"Taint 'spected'in de ladies," said 'Dolph; "dey

nebber ort to trouble 'emselves ters."

Then 'Dolph sighed. "Yer wonders what's de matter." he said : "I was jis lamentin' dat I hadn't ben able to save as much

"Laws," cried Clo, so agitated and confused that she was about to speak the words he so longed to hear; "how much wud it take? Does yer tink dat if a woman had-"

"I say yer Clo, where be yer?" The interruption was a cruel one to both the darkeys, though from different reasons; the voice was Victoria's, and proceeded from the kitchen.
"Clo!" she called again, in considerable wrath,

'jis' you answer now, else I'll tell missus of yer Clo sprang up and flew at her vegetables with great energy, and 'Dolph mounted a couple of steps and appeared to be dilligently searching for

something in a closet. opened the door, looked out and tossed

her head angrily when she saw the pair.

"I 'spose I might a split my throat callin', and yer wouldn't a answered," she cried.

"I'se 'bout my business," said Clo, grimly
"ils' might yours."

'iis' mind yours. "Oh, laws! I 'spose Mr. 'Dolph's 'bout his busi-

ness, too," retorted Vic.

'Dolph turned round from the closet and aske

sweetry,
"Did yer speak to me, Miss Victory?"
"No, I didn't," said she; "but marster was
askin' for ye, and he'll raise hot if yer stays here a gossipia'!

"Who's a gossipin'?" cried Clo; "if he wants cometin' in the cuppard, mustn't he look to find "Don't be snappin' my head off as if yer was an

old turtle," cried Vic, belligerently, "cause I won't stan' it! Marsier's got a german here, an' ne wants lunch. "Wal, it's your place to get de lunch," said

Clo. "'Taint," cried Vic; "it's Mr. 'Dolph's."
"I'se comin', ladies," he exclaimed; "I'se at,

He winked at Clo, out of one eye, smiled at Vie out of the other corner of his mouth, and did his pest to keep both goodnatured.

"I want to know whar dem cold ducks is," said Vic.

"Look whar dey be and ye'll find 'em," replied Clo, splashing her carrots about in the pan.

"Ef they hain't gone down dat ol' preacher's
throat it's lucky," cried Vic; "but ye'll ketch it if they have.

"Don't 'cuse me of none o' yer own tricks," retorted Clo.

"Jis' find 'em, den," said Vic, "or I'll go up to You may go to old scratch, for all I care," said

Clo, too much enraged to think of having been heated out of an offer to be careful of language or consequences.

"Dat's pooty talk for a meetin'-goer," cried Vic. "I'll see what de elder tinks of sich." Clo turned furiously upon her, but a violent ringing of the library bell checked the quarrel in the bud. They all knew that Mr. Mellen was growing impatient, and did not venture on another

noment's delay.

CHAPTER XXXI. THE day was wearing slowly away; a day more terrible in its moral darkness and suspense than perhaps had ever before descended upon the old

Mr. Mellen was engaged with a succession of visitors on business, with whom he remained shut up in the library; Elsie took refuge at first in her own chamber, but either nervousness or a desire to talk drove her again to Elizabeth's room. Their dressing-rooms were separated by Elizabeth's chamber, so Elsie flung the door open and ran into

chamber, so belief hong the door open and ran into her sister's room, exclaiming: "You must let me stay; I can't be alone." Eilsabeth only replied by a gesture; she was walking slowly up and down the floor as she had been during all the morning; it was entirely out of her power to accept one instant of physical rest. She left power to accept one instant of paysical rest. She set the door open and extended her promenade through the second chamber into Elsis's, and then back, pacing to and fro till she looked absolutely exhaustbut never once pausing for repose.

They were undisturbed, except when one of the ervants knocked at the door for orders, and at each request for admittance Elaie would give a nervous little cry.

"Tell them not to come any more," said she. They must have their orders, Elizabeth r plied; "come what may, everything must go on as usual to the last moment."

Elsie shivered down among her cushions and was silent. She had pulled the sofa close to the hearth, gathered a pile of novels about her and sat there trying her best to be comfortable in her feeble way.

"If you would only sit down," she exclaimed, at length. "I cannot," replied Elizabeth; and resumed her dreary walk.

Then there came more interruptions, and Victoria wished to know if they would have luncheon. "Marster's got it in de library wid dem men-

'spect missus don't want to go down." What is she talking about?" groaned Elsie, "Luncheon," said Elizabeth; "will you have it

up here?"

" As if one could est-A warning gesture from Elizabeth checked her. "You may bring the luncheon up here," Elisabeth said to the girl.

Victoria went out and closed the door. "I believe they would come if we were dying to know if we would stop to eat," cried Elsie. "Everything must go on as usual," was Elisa-

both's answer.

"How'can you stand there and talk so calmly to them!" cried Elsie. "It's enough to drive one

"It is too late now to be anything but quiet," she said.

Elsie began some shuddering complaints, but Elisabeth did not wait to hear them; she had resumed her promenade, walking with the same sort of eager haste, with her eyes seeming to look afar id unable to fix themselves upon any object in the rooms.

"There is another knock," eried Elsie. "Oh they'll drive me mad!"

"Come in," Elisabeth said.
It was Victoria with the luncheon tray, and it ed as if she never would be done ar to her satisfaction.

"I brung you some apricot jelly, Miss Elsie," she said; "I knowed you had one of yer head-

But Elsie only moaned—perhaps at the mis-fortune of possessing no appetite when apricot jelly was at hand.

"Dar's only cold chicken and dat meat pie, said Vic; "I took de ducks in fur marster." "There is quite enough," said Elizabeth; "you

needn't wait. Yes, miss," returned Vic. "I hain't had no

time yet to sweep de room Miss Harrison had— Clo's, she's ugly as Cain, to day."

"It makes no difference," said Elisabeth, while Elsie threw down her book in feverish impatience.

"Yes, miss, but 'taint pleasant," returned Vic, with her most elegant curtsey. "I likes to do my work reg'lar and in time, missus knows dat, but when Clo gets into one o' her tantrams she sets ebryting topsy-turvy."
"Then keep out of the kitchen," cried Elsie

"don't be quarreling."
"Laws, Miss Elsie," said Victoria, with all the

injured resignation of suffering innocence; "I neber quarr'ls wid nobody, but I defy an angel to git along wid Clo! She's jest de most aggra-vatin' piece dat eber wore shoe leather! She's so mad 'cause she's gettin' ole dat she hates a young girl wuss nor pison, so she does.

w fairly started on the subject of her wrongs, and hurried on before Elsie could stop her with all the energy of a belated steam engine. Elizabeth had walked into the other room, and Victoria, standing much less in awe of Elsie than

her, took that opportunity to pour out her sorrows with the utmost freedom.

"Miss Elsie, sometimes I tinks I can't stand it I wouldn't, nohow, if twarn't fur my affection fur you—you and miss," Victoria hastened to add diplomatically, fearful that her mistress might be within hearing and that the omission would be turned to her disadvantage. "Clo, she gits ag-gravatiner ebery day, and sence 'Dolph come back she's wurs'n a bear wid a sore head."

"Oh, you make mine ache," cried Elsie. "Laws, miss, I wouldn't for de worl'." "Then go along, and let me sleep, if I can."
"Sartin, miss; but let me do somethin' for yer head," said Victoria, out of the goodness of her

"No, no; I only want to be let alone."

"If yer'd let me bathe it wid cologny," persisted "I don't want it bathed," fretted Elsie.

"Laws, miss, it does a heap o' good! Penny ryal tea's good—"

Oh, do go away!" groaned Blais.
"In course I will, miss; but I'd like to do something fur ye—yer looks real sick."
"Then just go away, and don't come up again for the next two hours.

"Yes, miss, I'll jest—"
"Go out!" shrieked Elsis.

"I'ee only fixin' yer cushins," said Vic. "Dear me, Miss Elsie, yer allers says I'm real handy when yer has dem headaches."

"Oh, I can't bear anybody to-day."

"Dear me, ain't it a pity! Now, miss, I know what 'ud be good for yer—"
"Elizabeth," groaned Elsis, "do come and sen this dreadful creature away!'

This time Victoria deemed it most prudent to make a hasty retreat, for she stood in a good deal of awa where her mistress was concerned. She went out, reiterating her degire to be useful, and really very full of sympathy, for she was kindhearted as possi-ble, except where her enemy, Clorinda, was in the question

"They'll kill me, I know they will!" moan

But as Elizabeth did not pay the slightest atter tion to her complaints, she relapsed into silence. Finally, her eye was caught by the luncheon-tray; the aprient jelly looked like a great oval-shaped wedge of amber, the cold chicken was arranged in the daintiest of slices, and there was custard-cake, Elsie's special favorite.

She made an effort to fancy herself disgusted at the bare sight of food, and turned away her head, but it was only to encounter the fragrant odor from the teapot, which Victoria had set upon the hearth.

"Could you eat anything, Elisabeth?" she said, dejectedly.

'No, no; I am not hungry."

"But you never touched a morsel of breakfast, and you ate nothing all yesterday. "I can't eat now-in locd I can't," was Eliza-

beth's reply.

"Oh, nor I!" mouned Elsie. "I feel as if a single mouthful would shoke me."

She glanced again towards the tray, and began

to mosn and weep.
"Oh, dear me! This day never will be ever!

Oh, I wish I were dead, I do truly! Do say some

thing, Bessie; don't act so."

But Elisabeth only kept up her incessant march
and Elsie was forced to quiet herself.

She rose from the sofa at last, stood by the win dow a few moments, but some magnetism drew her near the luncheon-tray again. She took up a spoon

near the luncheon-tray again,
and tasted the apricot jelly.
" I want things to look as if we had eaten som
thing," she said, as Elizabeth entered again.
"You had better try and eat," said her sister.
"One ought, I suppose," observed Elsie. '
think I will try and firink a cup of tea—won't y

Elisabeth shook her head, and with renewed sighs Elsie poured herself out a dish of tea and sai down at the table.

"Oh, this wretched day! I'd rather be dead a

buried! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

In an absurd way she thrust her spoon into the apricot jelly again and stopped her moans for a cond with the translucent compound.

"I wish I could eat; but I can't!" She put a fragment of chicken on her plate, made a strong effort and actually succeeded in eating it, while Elisabeth was walking through the other

"I've tried to eat," she said, when her sister ap-seared in the doorway again, "but I can't."

She drank her tea greedily.
"I am so thirsty; I believe I've got a fever."

But Elisabeth was gone again, and Elsie sat staring at the paté—a magnificent affair, she knew i was—one of Maillard's best, full of truffles and all sorts of delicious things. She felt something in her throat, which might have been hunger or it night have been weakness; she chose to think it

"I feel so weak," she said, when Elisabeth returned on her round; "such a sinking here," and she put her hand in the region where her heart

might be supposed to lie.
""You had better lie down," her sister said absently.

That was not the advice Elsie wanted or expe

and she cried out, spasmodically:
"How can I keep still! Oh, I wish I had som

drops or something to take!"

She moaned so loudly that it disturbed Elisabeth

"Drink your tea," she said, "and eat something; you cannot go without food."
"Well, I'll try," said Elsie, resignedly. "I wish

you'd ecme and sit down and have a cup; maybe I

"Not now," replied Elizabeth.

The very sight of food was loathsome to her

She had hardly touched a morsel for two days.

After a good deal more hesitation and moaning
Elsie attacked the paté, and the jelly, and the
pickles, and the custard-cake, and some crisp little afers, and, finally, made an excellent meal; all the while declaring that she could not eat, that every mouthful choked her, that she believed she was dying. To all these complaints Elizabeth paid as little attention as she did to the meal she was making.

Elsie went back to her sofa, feeling somewhat comforted, and prepared to take a brighter view of things. It appeared possible now for her to live hour or two longer—a little while before she had declared that her death might be expected any mo-

"Do come and sit down, Bessie," she said, as Rizabeth entered, for about the hundredth time. "I'll give you the sofa; you must be tired out." "No; I am not tired—I like to walk."

"But I am sure you have been for three hour

narch—march—march! Do sit down."
Elizabeth only turned away in silence, but Elsie so much relieved after her creature comforts. that she could not forbear attempting to inspire her sister with a little of the hope which had begun to spring up in her own narrow little heart. "Oh, Bessie," she cried, "I feel as if this would

get over somehow, I do indeed.

"But how?" she asked.
"Oh, I can't tell; but there'll be some way, there always is; nothing ever does happen, you know."
Elkabeth did not reply. She was thinking of the
books she had read, in which women's ruin and disgrace were depicted; of the accounts in almost

every day's paper of families broken up, their holiest secrets made a public jest; of terrible dis-coveries which had been made, shaking a whole nmunity with the commotion, and dragging all concerned before the eyes of the whole world. Elsis could say :

"Nothing ever does happen!"

She was thinking that perhaps in a few hours that quiet house might be agitated by a discovery, mysterious and full of shame as any of the occur rences in the novels she was recalling; only a fer urs and she might be driven forth to a fate terrible as that of the unhappy women whose names she had shuddered even to hear mentioned.

Not for one instant did hope. She knew that the crisis was at hand now, the fearful erisis which she had seen approaching for weeks. This time there would be no loophole of escape—this last respite was all that would be granted her; and even now that she had gained that much, there seemed every hour less probability of her being able to turn it to advantage

Then the task before her, the thing she had to do, a work at which the stoutest man's heart might have quailed, alone in the dead of night, with the fear of discovery constantly upon her, and the horror of an awful task frensying her mind.

She clutched at her dress frantically as the scene resented itself, in all its danger, to her excited fancy. She saw the night still and dark, herself stealing like a criminal from the house; she say the old cypress rising up weird and solemn, she heard the low shiver of its branches as they swayed to and fro; she saw the earth laid bare, sa

The picture became too terrible, she could endure

no more, and with a shuddering cry she sank upon er knees in the centre of the root "God help me! God help me!" Elsie sprang off the couch and

with a succession of strangled shricks.

"What is the matter? What ails you? Oh, oh! You frighten me so. Are you sick—did you -did you omething? Is he going that way?"

But the woman neither saw nur heard, her eyes ere fixed upon vacancy, an appalling look on be haggard face, which might well have startled stronger nerves than those of the girl by her side. "Elizabeth! Elizabeth!" shrieked Elsie, in a

muine terror which there was no mistaking.
"I must do it," muttered the woman; "I must do it! Alone—I must go alone! And all ne use

no use—I tell you, no use!"
"Oh, Bessie, dear Bessie! Get up! Don't loc
so! Oh, for heaven's sake! Bessie, Bessie!"

Elsie threw herself upon the floor beside her sister, crying and shricking, clinging to her, and hiding her face in her dress, as if fearful that some terrible object would start up before her gase. Her agitation and wild terror recalled Elisabeth to her senses. She disengaged herself from Elsie's arm and staggered to her feet.

over now," she said, feebly, with the weariness of a person exhausted by some violent exer-tion; "I am better—better now."

"Oh, you frightened me so."

"I won't again. Don't cry; I am strong now."
"What was the matter? Did you see any-Did you see any-

"No, no. I was only thinking; it all came up so real before me—so horrible.

"But it may be made all safe yet," urged Elsie. "If you can escape this time—only this once." e did not connect herself with the trouble which might befall her sister. Even in that moment of anguish her craft and her selfishness made her re-

member to keep present in Elizabeth's mind the promise she had made.

"Only this once," she repeated.

"It is too late," returned Elizabeth. "I told

you the day would come—it is here!"
"But he can't discover anything, Bessie, when everybody is abed."

"Have you thought what I must do?" she broke in. "The horror is almost worse to bear than ex-posure and ruin would be."

Elsie wrung her hands.

"Don't give way now. You have borne up so long; don't give way when a little courage save everything.

"I shall not give way; I shall go through with it. But, Elsie, it will all be useless; the end has come."

"No, it hasn't! I'm sure it hasn't! Think how many secrets are kept for ever. It needs so little ow to make us secure; only don't give way, Bessi don't give way."
"Be quiet, child; I shall not fail!"

Elizabeth walked away and left her crouched upon the floor, went to the glass and looked at herself. The rouge Elsie had rubbed on her cheeks burned there like two heetic spots, making the deathly pallor of her face still more ghastly; her eyes were sunken and gleamed out so full of agony d fear that she turned away with a shudder. hair had fallen loose, and streamed wildly about her shoulders. She bound it up again, arranged her dress and recommenced her restless walk.

"Get up, Elsie," she said; "some one may o

Elsie took refuge on her sofa, and sobb into a sound slumber, while Elizabeth, in her haggard anxiety, moved up and down, horrified by terrible reflections, which wrung her soul and left it dumb, with a passive submission, born rather of desperation than endurance.

At last she caught sight of Elsie lying asleep upon the sofa. She approached and bent over her.
The girl had brushed her long fair curls back from ce, and they fell over the cushions in rich luxuriance, a feverish color was on her cheeks, lighting up her loveliness, and her whole appearingiting up her loveliness, and her whole appearance was so pretty, so singularly childlike, as she lay there, that it seemed impossible, even then, that she could have anything in common with the awful trouble that oppressed Elizabeth.

Elizabeth stood for a long time regarding her, and many changes passed over her face as she did so, but they all settled into a look of settled determination, and she turned away. Whatever was to

mination, and she turned away. Whatever was to he horne she would endure alone; she would keep her promise to the very letter. If ruin an came they should fall on her alone. Why attempt to involve that fair young creature in it?

She went to a cabinet in the corner of the roo

opened a little drawer and took out a package of letters. They were those her husband had written to her during his long absence.

She drew an easy-chair near to the sofa and sat down, with her face turned towards Elsie, opened one or two of the epistles and read passages from them. One of the pages she read ran thus:

"Whatever may happen, no matter how long absence may be protracted, I know that you will take care of Elsie. If the worst should happen—if death should surprise me in this far-off land, I know that you will fulfil for me the vow I made my dying mother and be a parent to that desolate girl.

orgive me if I pain you by writing so sadly. I do not believe that any misfortune will me; something tells me that I shall reach home in safety, and find love and happiness once more await-

ing me there.
"But the charge I have in Elsie's future is always present to my mind. I never can forget the words that my dying mother spoke; they are with me night and day, and have been since the hour when they were whispered from her pallid lips.

"It rejoices my heart to think how different from most girls our little Elsie is. If any harm were to some to her I think I should go mad; disgrace to one whose blood was kindred to that in my vains would kill me. You may think this pride a -

ness, but it is too deeply rooted in my nature ever to be eradicated. When I look about the world and see girls disgracing themselves by improper marriages, elopements, often worse shames, which must blight their lives and those of all connected with them, I think what I should do under such circumstances

"Elizabeth, I could not endure it. You are my wife; I love you more deeply than you are aware; but I tell you that I could better bear sorrow which came to me through my wife than through the weakness or dishonor of one who claimed my name by right of birth. It is an inherited pride, which as, I know, come down from father to son, and

will go with me through life. "But Elsie is safe—in you "But Elsie is safe—in your hands quite safe. I rest upon that thought. I remember her loveliness, her innocence, her sweet childish ways, and I am at peace again."

That was the letter Grantley Mellen had written during his long exile, and there his wife sat reading in the presence of that sleeping girl.

After a time Elizabeth folded up the letters, kissed

them passionately, and laid them away.

"Perhaps it is the last time," she muraured.
"The last time! I won't think—I won't think!
Let the day pass!" She began walking up and down the rooms again,

treading softly that she might not disturb Elsie's sumber, and trying to build up a hope in her desolation, only the next moment to be swept aside by the black waves of her agony and her fear.

"He will not feel it so very much when it is only me on whom disgrace falls," she thought, with mournful satisfaction. "For her at least I shall have done my best. I have struggled so hard to keep the fair creature he loves so much from harm. When I am swept from his path, like a black cloud that had no silver lining for him, he will be happy with her. I ought to be comferted by this. Yet ob, my God! my God! this thought alone makes the worst of my misery. They will be so happy, and without me!"

BOOK NOTICES.

LIFE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN. Philadelphia: J. B. Peterson & Brothers

GES. MCCLELLAN'S LIFE AND REPORTS. Phil-

adelphia: J. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This enterprising house gives, in a popular and cheap form, the "Life of President Lincoln; embracing his Speches, Proclamations, Letters, Messages, &c.," and form. 'g a large volume of 200 pages, extremely useful for reference, and at a remarkably low price.

A "Life of Gen. McClellan," with a full history of

his campaigns and all his reports, in the same is also offered, and cannot fail to meet an extra sale, although it has many competitors.

THE SCHOOLGIRL'S GARLAND. Parts I. and II By Ma. C. M. KIRKLAND. New York: Scribner & Co.

If By M s. C. M. KIRKLAND. New York: S.ribner & Co.
Simultaneously with the death of Mrs. Kirkland appears the second part of her "Schoolgirl's Garland," The circumstances would disarm criticism, were there as Beld for it, but there is none. It would seem to be easy to make a good selection of poetry for the young; but in reality there are few competent to make a cast of the selection of poetry for the young; but in reality there are few competent to make a ceally good one. True poets have ialled in this apparently simple task.

Mrs. Kirkland took up the subject as one secustomed to watch the unfolding mic ds of young girls, and her selections are graduated, beginning with the simple lyrics that you can read to the little miss of four years old, seated upon your knee, and find her an attentive listener and rising to the noblest posms in the larguage. The pieces chosen are gems, and treated as such. The two little volumes, in type, presswork and paper, are of unexceptionable simple beauty. The volumes have no association in the girl's mind with tasks and schoolbooks. They cannot but be favorites and exercise a most benefitial influence.

THE CHAPLAINS AND CLEERGY OF THE REVO-

ercise a most beneficial influence.

THE CHAPLAINS AND CLERGY OF THE REVOLUTION. By J.T. HEADLEY, Author of "Washington and his Generals," "Napoleon and his Marshais," &c., &c. New York: Scribner, 1864, 12mo., 402pp.

Mr. Headley, who ranks smong our most popular and graphic writers, has here brought together biographic all sketches of the lives and labors of the most eminent chaplains and clergy of the Revolution: Jonas Clark, of Lexington, Daché Dr Spring, Prime, Tennent. Muhlenberg, Alles, Rossburgh Benedict, Bishop White, Timothy Dwight, Dagget, Styles, Barlow, Caidwell, Trumbull, Kirkland, Gano. Cummings, McCaila, Dr. Witherspoon, Avery, Evans, Smith, Champion, McWhorter, Allen, Pomeroy, Rogers, Duffield and others. We miss, however, Archbishop Carroll, whose services in his mission to Canada emitte him to a place in the list of patriotic dergymen.

Canada smitte him to a place in the list of patriotic clergymen.

The sketches are carefully prepared, not so much for the historical student as for the public, and it is needless to say are full of interest and eloquence.

As Mr. Headley remarks, the influence of the clergy in the great movem this in America has been immense, and yet in written histories is almost ignored. The French and Indian wars were supported by the cioquent appeals of the pulpi; the patriot sermons of the clergy roused our fathers to action in the Revolution, and the influence exerted by that body prior to the present civil war is notorious.

My Cave Life in Vicksburg. New York:
D. Appleton & Co. 196pp., 12mo, 1864.
We have not met a more interesting book on the war
than this marrative of a lady caught in Vicksburg, and
there during the siege. Our readers cannot forget the
caves in the side of the hill, made by the inhabitants
to escape from shells. The writer was the immate of
one, and describes the life of the people in their subterranean abodes, their hardships, their miseries, their
fortitude, amint constant terrors, and death in every
shape.

it is the work of a lady, and we purpose giving tracts, to enable our readers to enjoy it.

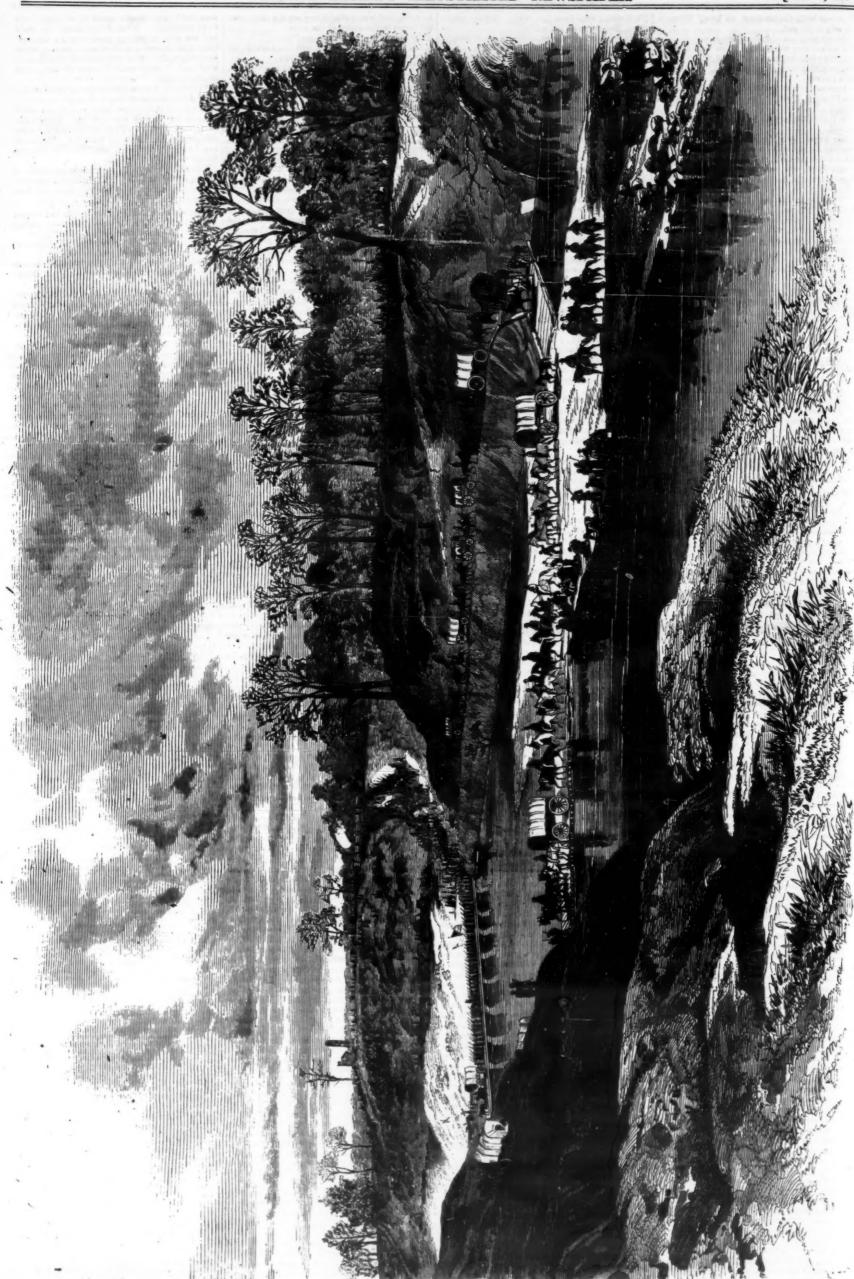
extracts, to enable our readers to enjoy it.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for May, 1864.
Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

We may well be proud of a magazine like the Atlantic, which, differ as we may with regard to the political views of some of the articles, is the embodiment of much of the finest, purest and best cultivated talent in the country. The present number contains: Gold Hair, a Legend of Pornic, by Robert Browning; A Cruise on Lake Ladogs, by Bayrat Taylor; a continuation of House and Home Papers, by Mrs. Harriet Bercher Stowe; Wet Weatiner Work, by I. K. Marvel; the Reaper's Dreum, by T. B. Read; the Rim, by Harriet E. Prescott, &c.

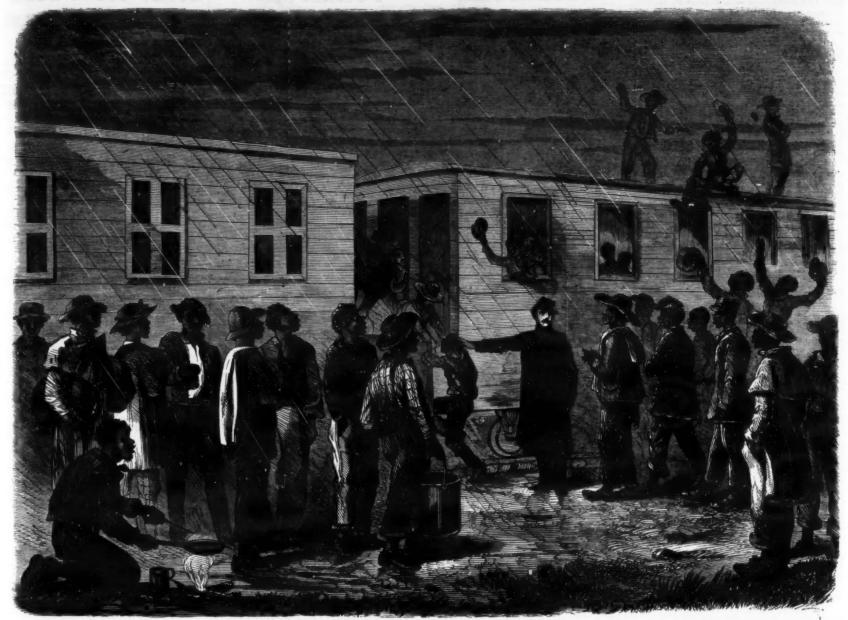
PHILLIPS'S STERLING EXCHANGE, for the Reduction of Sterling into United States Currency, and Currency into Scring, at Rates varying from a per cent. from 50 to 100 per cent. By ALFRED PHILLIPS. New York, 1864.

per cent. Fom 50 to 100 per cent. By ALFRED PRILLIPS. New York, 1864.
These valuable, because assurate and well printed, tables we can recommend to our readers, who must in these days of unprecedented exchange cast aside the old books as no longer available.



AHMY, IN THE ADVANCE ON SHREVEPORT, CROSSING

Boar H,



THE WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI-REGEO RECRUITS TAKING THE CARS FOR MURFREESBORO .-- FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL AUTIST, C. E. HILLEY.

NEGRO RECRUITS.

THE sketch of negro recruits taking the cars to Murfreeaboro' comes in sad contrast with the scenes at Fort Pillow. The negroes enter the ser-vice of the Government, under an implied promise of protection. But in spite of their voluntary enlist-ment, in spite of their heroism at Milliken's bend and Fort Wagner, they are butchered in cold blood, and scarcely a word of indignation or sympathy is expressed, and Government is as inert to retaliate as though it were of no importance.

BRIG.-GEN. J. G. TOTTEN, U. S. A.

BRIG.-GEN. JOSEPH GILBERT TOTTEN WAS at the head of the corps of Engineers, the most thorough branch of the service, to which only the most accomplished graduates of the military are assigned. He was a veteran and a man of high attainments. He was born in Connecticut, in 1788, and entered the Military Academy on the 4th November, 1802, receiving his first commission, that of 2d Lieutenant of Engineers, on the 1st July, 1805, nearly 60 years ago. He became 1st Lieutenant in 1810, Paymaster and Captain in 1812, was Chief Engineer in the campaign on the Niagara in 1813, won a brevet of Major for his gallantry at Fort George, and of Lieutenant-Colonel for his conduct at the battle of Plattsburg, in 1814, for he was here, too, Chief Engineer. He received a Major's commission in 1818, a Lieutenant-Colonel's in 1824. Ten years after he was made Colonel and Principal Workston. BRIG.-GEN. JOSEPH GILBERT TOTTEN WAS Major's commission in 1818, a Lieutenant-Colonel's in 1824. Ten years after he was made Colonel and Prin-Act years after he was made Colonel and Frincipal Engineer. During the Moxican war his services were called into requisition; he was Scott's Chief Engineer at Vera Crus, where he won the brevet of Brigadier-General, and in the third war of the century stood at the head of his important department, having been commissioned a Brigadier-General, March 30, 1863. He died at Washington on Saturday, the 23d of April. 1864. of April, 1864.

of April, 1864.

The War Department has ordered appropriate honors to be paid to his memory. During the 26 years that he was at the head of the Engineer Department he administered with untiring devotion, spotiess integrity and signal ability the varied duties, the financial responsibilities and professional labors of that arm of the service. Our extended line of cosst and lake defences are enduring meanments to his memory. fences are enduring monuments to his memory.

THE CAVES AT VICKSBURG.

OUR readers will recollect the caves in

OUR readers will reconrect the caves in which the inhabitants of Vicksburg took refuge during the siege, which we so graphically illustrated.

A Southern lady has just published a work entitled "My Cave Life at Vicksburg" (Appleton, New York), which gives a thrilling account of them and life in them. Speaking of the running of the batteries, she says:

says:

"Some of the gentlemen urged the ladies to go down into the cave at the back of the house, and insisted on my going, if alone. While I hesitated, fearing to remain, yet wishing still to witness the termination of the engagement, a shell exploded near the side of the house. Fear instantly decided me, and I ran, guided by one of the ladies, who pointed down the steep slope of the hill, and left me to run back for a shawl. While I was considering the best way of descending the hill another shell exploded near the foot, and ceasing to hesitate, I few down, half sliding and running. Before I had reached the

mouth of the case two more exploded on the side of the hill near me. Breathless and terrified, I found the entrance and rau in, having left one of my elippers on the hillside.

"Our dining, breakfasting and supper hours were quite irregular. When the shells were falling fast the servants came in for safety, and our meals waited for completion some little length of time; sgain they would fall slowly, with the lapse of many minutes between, and out would start the cooks to their work. Some families had light bread made in large quantities, and subsisted on it with milk—providing their cows were not killed—from one milking time to another without any more cooking, until called on to



THE LATE BRIG.-GEN. JOSEPH G. TOTTEN, U. S. A.

replenish Though most of us lived on corn bread and bacon, served three times a day, the only luxury of the meal consisting in its warmth; I had some flour and frequently had some hard, tough biscuit made from it, there being no soda or yeast to be procured. At this time we could also procure beef. A gentleman friend was kind enough to offer me his camp bed, a narrow spring mattrees, which fitted within the contracted cave very bomfortably; another had his tent-fly stretched over the mouth of our residence, to shield us from the sun; and then I was the recipient of many favors, and under obligations to many gentlemen of the army for delicate and kind attentions, and in looking back to my trials at that that the stretched of the process of the stretched of the stretched over the mouth of our residence, to shield us from the sun; and then I was the recipient of the army for delicate and kind attentions, and in looking back to my trials at that the stretched over the mouth of our residence of the variations in the still shell expectable. The stretched over the mouth of our residence of the variations in the still shell expectable. The still shell expectable with the still shell expectable. The still shell expectable with the still shell ever remember with which they strove to ward off every deprior vation. And so I went regularly to work, keeping house under ground. Our new habitation was an excavation made in the carth, and branching is a care with the still shell ever the sake with which they strove to ward off every deprior wation. And so I went regularly to work, keeping house under ground. Our new hab

Mrs. Pry on Umbrellas.

"AH!" said Mrs. Pry, "umbrellas have a good deal of character, after all. They express themselves very well; much better than their owners sometimes. I can tell, sitting at a window of a cloudy day, just where every passing umbrella comes from. People can deceive you by assuming false expressions, but umbrellas can't.

"That thin, black, genteel, silk umbrella, coming up the street, can't be more than a month old. It's used out for the first time. If it was older, or had been seen by many friends, it wouldn't look as it does now; it would have been borrowed and

"That blue thing, now, with a hole in the top and stray bones sticking out of it, is the umbrella a friend lent you. It has the look; I'd know it any-where. You were caught there in the rain, and she where. You were caught there in the rain, and she said: 'It's a shame to spoil that sweet bonnet; I'll try to find an umbrella!' and you know of two black silks, a gingham and an alpaca, and hope for one. But no; the thing was the product of her researches. It is an umbrella kept to lend a friend.

That is bad enough.
"But a neighbor's loan of an umbrella is always worse. Only two of the points are fastened to the whalebone; the top has been fastened on with a piece of old wire. The string, of course, is off; and when the sun comes shining out, and you want to shut it down, it forms a bulgy bag, at which people atare and grin. And no wonder—it is full of holes! The handle is broken short in the middle; and I have had one that had a long, sharp nail in it to held it by! That was lent me by my landlady, a

Jewess.

"The umbrella that has been stolen might as well have pickpocket placarded upon it. It is always shabby-genteel. People watch their umbrellas well in the first gloss of newness, and stolen umbrellas are not cared for as they have been, because they cost their owners nothing but a prick of coascience, and conscience doesn't amount to much in 1864.

It generally has a white ivory handle-perhaps the handle is the temptation—and the present possessor is always very careful to put it in dark corners, or sit before it, lest, unawares, the owner should enter. Sometimes the atolen umbrella has a silver plate on the handle, from which the name has been carefully scraped with a penknife.

"Some people never loss their umbrellas, because they always carry them rain or shine, and choose such odd ones that they could be sworn to anywhere after a passing glance. Your Quaker aunt, from Philadelphia, has a sad-colored one, shaped like the half of a cantelope, with a large white ring instead of a hook. She has had it twenty years, and is never seen without it. The umbrella is as much a Quaker as your respected

"Then there is an old bachelor umbrella-um brellas which never could stand side by side with feminine umbrellas, with ornamental handles. Where bachelors find them we don't know; no man ever has one before he is fifty. These umbrellas are very tall. They are of olive-green silk, thick to richness; they have a ribbed border about to richness; they have a ribbed border about them, and a large ebony crook and a sharp metal ferule. The elastic confining them when in repose has a polished tag as large as a pea, and the owner's name is stamped in white on the black handle. It never leaves the old bachelor's hand. Some say he puts it under the pillow when he retires to rest, and one of my acquaintances does hook his on the back of his chair at breakfast as a regular thing.

'It is only equalled by the travelling missionary's umbrella in tenacity of life; but that, poor thing, is a brown cotton, with a handle like a broomstick, a button instead of a ferule, and big white blotches where it has been darned on.

a button instead of a ferme, and nig white blotches where it has been darned on.

"Oh, don't tell me," continued Mrs. Pry, "I know the obaracter of an umbrella wherever I meet it as well as Mr. Fowler knows a man's disposition by his bumps—and a great deal better."

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